The Poetical Works of Robert Burns

300

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ROBERT BURNS

"The Piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew."

—TAM O' SHANTER.

The Poetical Works of
ROBERT BURNS

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III

ILLUSTRATIONS

"*The Piper loud and louder blew;*
The dancers quick and quicker flew."—TAM O' SHANTER.
Frontispiece in colour

"*And I'm the sovereign of Scotland*" . . . . . *Page* 11

"*In gowany glens thy burnie strays,*
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes" . . . . . *Page* 25

"*My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,*
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream" . . . . *Page* 31

"*We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,*
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man" . . . . . *Page* 49

"*For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,*
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean" . . . . . *Page* 140

Page

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND TITLES viii

POEMS AND SONGS—1790 TO 1796 1–182

	Page
Tam o' Shanter	1
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child	8
On the Death of the late Miss Burnet	9
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots	10
Song—There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame	12
Song—Out over the Forth	12
Song—The Banks o' Doon (first version)	13
Song—The Banks o' Doon (second version)	13
Song—The Banks o' Doon (third version)	14
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn	15
Lines sent to Sir John Whitefoord, with the foregoing	17
Song—Craigieburn	18
Song—Lovely Davies	19
Song—Bonnie Wee Thing	20
Epigram written on a Pane of Glass at Moffat	20
Song—What can a young Lassie	20
Song—The Posie	21
On Glenriddell's Fox breaking his chain	22
Poem on Pastoral Poetry	24
Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig	25
Stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry	27
Song—The Gallant Weaver	27
Song—Willie Stewart	28
Song—Lovely Polly Stewart	28
Song—O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?	29
Song—My Tocher's the Jewel	29
Song—O for ane-and-twenty, Tam	30
Song—Fair Eliza	31
Song—Flow gently, sweet Afton	31
Address to the Shade of Thomson	33
Song—Bonnie Bell	34
Song—Nithsdale's welcome hame	34
Song—Frae the Friends and Land I love	35
Song—Ye Jacobites by name	35
Song—Such a parcel of Rogues in a Nation	36

	Page
Song—O Kenmure's on and awa	37
Second Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry	38
Song of Death	40
Epistle to Mr. Maxwell of Terraughty	40
On Sensibility	41
Epigram—The Kirk of Lamington	42
Epigram—The Toad-eater	42
Song—O May, thy morn	42
Grace before Dinner	43
Grace after Dinner	43
Song—Ae fond Kiss	43
Song—Gloomy December	44
Song—Sae far awa	45
Lines on Fergusson the Poet	45
Song—I do confess thou art sae fair	46
Song—The weary Pund o' Tow	46
Song—Sic a Wife as Willie had	47
Song—The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman	48
Song—The country Lassie	49
Song—O saw ye bonnie Lesley	50
Song—Bessie and her Spinning-wheel	51
Song—My ain kind Dearie, O	52
Song—My Wife's a winsome wee Thing	52
Song—Highland Mary	53
The Rights of Woman	54
Extempore Lines on some commemorations of Thomson	55
On seeing Miss Fontenelle	56
Song—Auld Rob Morris	56
Song—Duncan Gray	57
A Tippling Ballad	58
Song—Here's a Health	59
The Creed of Poverty	60
Song—O Poortith cauld and restless Love	60
Song—Gala Water	61
Sonnet, on hearing a Thrush sing	62
Ballad—Lord Gregory	62
Song—Wandering Willie (first version)	63
Song—Wandering Willie (second version)	64
Song—Wandering Willie (third version)	64
Song—Open the door to me, Oh!	65
Song—Young Jessie	66
Song—Meg o' the Mill	66
Ballad—The Soldier's Return	67
Lines written on a Pane of Glass	69
Written in a Lady's Pocket-book	69
The true Loyal Natives	69
The Toast	70
Lines written on a Window at the King's Arms, Dumfries	70
Lines written on a Window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries	70
Answer to an Invitation	70
Song—The last time I came o'er the Moor	71
Song—Blythe hae I been	71
Song—Logan Braes	72
Ballad—Bonnie Jean	73
Verses on John M'Murdo, Esq.	75
Grace after Dinner	75
Epigram on seeing the beautiful seat of Lord Galloway	75
On the same	75
On the same	75
On the same	76
On the death of a Lap-dog named Echo	76
Epigram on the Laird of Laggan	76
Song—Phillis the fair	77
Song—Had I a cave	77
Song—By Allan Stream	78
Song—O whistle, and I'll come to you	78
Song—Adown winding Nith	79
Song—Come, let me take thee	80
Song—Thou hast left me ever	81
Song—Dainty Davie	81
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn	82
Song—Let me in this ae Night	83
Song—Fair Jenny	84
Song—Lovely Nancy	85
Impromptu, on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday	85
Song—My Spouse Nancy	86
Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle	87
Song—Wilt thou be my dearie	88
Lines sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended	89
Song—Amang the Trees	89
A Vision	90
Song—Here is the Glen	91
Song—Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain	92
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice	92
Epistle from Esopus to Maria	93
Epitaph—On Wat	95
Pinned to Mrs. Maria Riddell's Carriage	96
Epitaph on John Bushby, Writer	96
Epitaph on William Graham, Esq.	96
Sonnet on the Death of Robert Riddell, Esq.	96
Lines on Robert Riddell, Esq.	97
Song—The lovely Lass of Inverness	97
Song—Hee balou	98
The Highland Widow's Lament	98
Song—It was a' for our rightfu' King	99
Ode for General Washington's Birthday	100
The Tree of Liberty	102
Song—Bannocks o' Barley	104
Inscription for an altar to Independence	105

	Page
To Miss Graham of Fintry	105
Song—Ca' the Yowes	105
Song—On the Seas and far away	106
Song—She says she lo'es me best of a'	108
Epigram on Miss Jessie Staig's Recovery	109
Epigram on Mrs. Kemble	109
Epitaph on Mr. Burton	110
Epigram on a country Laird	110
Epigram on hearing that there was falsehood, &c.	110
Epigram on Andrew Turner	110
Epitaph on a person nicknamed the Marquis	111
Song—Bonnie Peg	111
Song—Ah, Chloris!	111
Song—Saw ye my Philly	112
Song—Let not woman e'er complain	112
Song—How lang and dreary is the night	113
Song—The Lover's morning Salute to his Mistress	113
Song—The Winter of Life	114
Song—Chloris	115
Song—Lassie wi' the lint-white locks	116
Song—Farewell, thou Stream	116
Song—O Philly, happy be that day	117
Song—Contented wi' little	119
Song—Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?	120
Song—My Nannie's awa'	121
Song—Wae is my Heart	121
Song—Somebody	122
Song—For a' that and a' that	122
Song—Craigieburn Wood	124
Epigram—The Solemn League and Covenant	124
Inscription on a Goblet	124
To Mr. Syme	125
Epitaph on Gabriel Richardson	125
Epigram—My Bottle	125
Song—Peg-a-Ramsay	125
Song—O aye my wife she dang me	126
Song—O, steer her up	126
Song—There was a bonnie Lass	127
Song—O lassie, are ye sleepin' yet?	127
Song—I'll aye ca' in by yon Town	128
Song—O wat ye wha's in yon Town?	129
Song—The Cardin' o't	130
Song—The lass that made the bed to me	131
The Heron Ballads: Ballad I	132
The Heron Ballads: Ballad II	133
The Heron Ballads: Ballad III	136
Song—The Dumfries Volunteers	138
Song—Mark yonder Pomp	139
Song—Caledonia	140
Song—Address to the Wood-lark	141
Song—On Chloris being ill	141
Song—'Twas na her bonnie blue Ee	142
Song—Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near	142
Song—Last May a braw Wooer	143
Song—Ae day a braw Wooer	144
Song—This is no my ain Lassie	145
Song—Now Spring has clad the Grove in Green	146
Song—O bonnie was yon rosy Brier	147
To Chloris, written on blank leaf	148
Song—Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	149
Song—O wha is she that lo'es me	149
Song—Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss	150
To Mr. Syme, on refusing to dine with him	151
Poem, addressed to Mr. Mitchell	151
The Dean of Faculty, a new Ballad	152
Song—Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher	153
Poem on Life	154
Song—Jessy	155
Song—Oh, wert thou in the cauld Blast	156
Song—O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass	156
The Heron Ballads: Ballad IV	157
To Jessy Lewars	158
A Toast	159
On Jessie Lewars' Sickness	159
On the Recovery of Jessy Lewars	159
Inscription on a Book presented to Miss Jessy Lewars	159
Song—Fairest Maid on Devon Banks	160

Songs altered by Burns

Bonnie Dundee	160
Her Daddie forbad	161
Robin Shure in Hairst	161
Sweetest May	162
The Ploughman	162
Cock up your Beaver	163
Landlady, count the Lawin'	163
Awa' Whigs, awa'	164
Rattlin', roarin' Willie	165
Aye waukin', O	165
The Battle of Sheriff-muir	166
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes	167
My Collier Laddie	168
It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face	169
As I was a-wandering	169
Lady Mary Ann	170
The Carles of Dysart	170
The Carle of Kellyburn Braes	171
Chloe	172
My Luve's like a red, red Rose	173
Comin' through the Rye	174
The Highland Laddie	174
O, were my Love yon lilac fair	175

	Page
Behold the Hour (two versions)	176
How cruel are the Parents	177
There grows a bonnie Brier-bush	177
Charlie he's my Darling	178
O'er the water to Charlie	179
The Lass of Ecclefechan	179
We're a' noddin'	180
The Winter it is past	181
Leezie Lindsay	182

Appendix to Poems and Songs

Particulars regarding the Original Kilmarnock Edition of Burns's Poems	183
Particulars regarding the First Edinburgh Edition	184
Note on Pieces sometimes attributed to Burns:	185

The Hermit of Aberfeldy.
On an evening View of Lincluden Abbey.
To the Owl.
The Vowels: a Tale.
To my Bed.
Lament, written when about to leave Scotland.
Happy Friendship.
The tither Morn.
To thee, loved Nith.
Shelah O'Neil.
Evan Banks.
Cassilis' Banks.
Farewell to Ayrshire.
Epitaph on his Daughter.
Prayer for Mary.
Could aught of Song.
The Captive Ribband.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES AND TITLES

	Page
Adown winding Nith I did wander	79
Ae day a braw wooer	144
Ae fond Kiss	43
Afton Water	31
Ah Chloris! since it may na be	111
Altar to Independence, Inscription for	105
Amang the trees, where humming bees	89
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!	44
As cauld a wind as ever blew	42
As I cam by Crochallan	165
As I came in by our gate-end	111
As I stood by yon roofless tower	90
As I was a-wandering	169
Ask why God made the gem so small	20
As on the banks of winding Nith	25
Auld Rob Morris	56
Awa', Whigs, awa'	164
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties	79
Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms	153
Aye waukin', O	165
Babington, Rev. Dr.—Epigram	110
Banks o' Doon, The (three versions)	13–14
Bannocks o' Barley	104
Bed, To my	186
Behold the hour, the boat arrive	176
Bessy and her Spinning-wheel	51
Birth of a Posthumous Child, On	8
Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness	110
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day	75
Blythe hae I been on yon hill	71
Bonnie Bell	34
Bonnie Dundee	160
Bonnie Jean	73
Bonnie Lesley (Baillie)	50
Bonnie Peg	111
Bonnie wee thing	20
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes	61
Bright ran thy line, O Galloway	75
Bruce's Address at Bannockburn	82
Burnet, Miss, On the Death of	9
Burton, Mr.—Epitaph	110
Bushby, John—Epitaph	96
But lately seen in gladsome green	114
But rarely seen since nature's birth	159
Buy braw troggin, frae the banks o' Dee	157
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	78
By yon castle wa', at the close of the day	12
Ca' the yowes	105
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes	167
Caledonia (Song)	140
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?	120
Captive Ribband, The	187
Cardin' o't, The	130
Cardoness, Epigram on	110
Carle of Kellyburn Braes	171
Carles of Dysart	170
Cassilis' Banks	187
Cauld is the e'enin' blast	125
Charlie he's my darling	178
Chloe	172
Chloris	115
Chloris, To	148
Chloris being Ill, On	141
Cock up your beaver	163
Collier Laddie, My	168
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er	179
Come, let me take thee to my breast	80
Comin' through the rye	174
Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair	119
Could aught of song declare my pains	187
Country Laird, Epigram on	110
Country Lassie, The	49
Craigieburn	18

	Page
Craigieburn Wood	124
Cree, Tho Flowery Banks of	91
Creed of Poverty	60
Dainty Davie	81
Dean of Faculty, The	152
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine	187
Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman, The	48
De Peyster, Poem addressed to	154
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw	152
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?	138
Doon, Banks o' (three versions)	13–14
Dost thou not rise indignant shade	55
Drumlanrig Woods, On Destruction of	25
Duke of Brunswick (ballad fragment)	58
Dumfries Volunteers, The	138
Duncan Gray cam here to woo	57
Epistle from Esopus to Maria	93
Epitaph on his Daughter	187
Epitaph—On Wat	95
Eppie M'Nab	29
Esopus to Maria, Epistle of	93
Evan Banks	186
Fair Eliza	31
Fair Jenny	84
Fairest maid on Devon banks	160
Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame	36
Farewell, thou fair day	40
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	116
Farewell to Ayrshire	187
Fergusson, the Poet, Lines on	45
Fill with me the rosy wine	159
Flow gently, sweet Afton	31
Fontenelle, Miss, Address Spoken by	54
Fontenelle, Miss, Address spoken by	87
Fontenelle, Miss, On Seeing	56
For a' that, and a' that	122
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near	142
Frae the friends and land I love	35
Friend of the Poet, tried and leal	151
From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells	93
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright	133
Gala Water	61
Gallant Weaver, The	27
Galloway, Epigrams on Lord	75–76
Gin a body meet a body	174
Glencairn, Lament for	15
Glenriddell's Fox, On	22
Gloomy December	44
Grace after Dinner	43
Grace after Dinner	75
Grace before Dinner	43
Graham, Miss, of Fintry, To	105
Graham, R., Second Epistle to	38
Graham, Wm.—Epitaph	96
Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live	69
Guid e'en to you, kimmer	180
Had I a cave	77
Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd	24
Happy Friendship	186
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran chief!	40
Heard ye o' the tree o' France	102
Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald	98
Her daddie forbad	161
Here around the ingle bleezing	186
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie	63–64
Here Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct	125
Here cursing, swearing, Burton lies	110
Here is the glen, and here the bower	91
Here lies a mock Marquis	111
Here lies a rose, a budding rose	187
Here lies John Bushby, *honest man!*	96
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives	105
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear	155
Here's a health to them that's awa'	59
Hermit of Aberfeldy	185
Heron Ballads: I, II, III	132–136
Heron Ballads: IV	157
Hey for a lass wi' a tocher	153
Highland Laddie, The	174
Highland Mary	53
Highland Widow's Lament	98
How can my poor heart be glad	106
How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd	92
How cruel are the parents	177
How lang and dreary is the night	113
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's grace	27
Husband, husband, cease your strife	86
I bought my wife a stane o' lint	47
I coft a stane o' haslock woo'	130
I do confess thou art sae fair	46
If you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue	96
I'll aye ca' in by yon town	128
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson	45
Independence, Inscription for Altar to	105
In politics if thou would'st mix	60
In se'enteen hundred an' forty-nine	110
In simmer, when the hay was mawn	49
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast	70
In wood and wild, ye warbling throng	76
Is there for honest poverty	122
It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face	169
It was a' for our rightfu' king	99
It was the charming month of May	172
Jessy	155
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss	150
Kellyburn Braes	171

	Page
Kemble, Mrs.—Epigram	109
Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief	109
Kenmure's on and awa	37
Lady Mary Ann	170
Lament, when about to leave Scotland	186
Lamington, Epigram on Kirk of	42
Landlady, count the lawin'	163
Lap-dog, Echo, On	76
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks	116
Lass of Ecclefechan, The	179
Last May a braw wooer	143
Late crippl'd of an arm and now a leg	38
Leezie Lindsay	182
Let me in this ae night	83
Let not woman e'er complain	112
Lewars, Jessy	158, 159
Life, Poem on	154
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize	9
Lincluden Abbey, Poem on	186
Logan Braes	72
Long, long the night, heavy comes the morrow	141
Lord Gregory	62
Lord, we thank an' thee adore	75
Lovely Davies	19
Lovely Nancy	85
Lovely Polly Stewart	28
Lover's Morning Salute	113
M'Murdo, John, Verses on	75
Mally's meek, Mally's sweet	149
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	139
Marquis, Epitaph on person nicknamed the	111
Mary, Queen of Scots, Lament of	10
Maxwell, if merit here you crave	109
Maxwell, Mr., of Terraughty, Epistle to	40
Meg o' the Mill	66
Mitchell, Mr., Poem to	151
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice	92
Morine, Epigram on	76
My ain kind Dearie	52
My Bottle—Epigram	125
My Chloris, mark how green the groves	115
My heart is sair—I darena tell	122
My honour'd colonel, deep I feel	154
My luve's like a red, red rose	173
My Nannie's awa'	121
My Spouse Nancy	86
My Tocher's the Jewel	29
My wife's a winsome wee thing	52
My wife she dang me	126
Nithsdale's welcome hame	34
No more of your guests, be they titled or not	151
No more, ye warblers of the wood,—no more!	96
No Spartan tube, no Attic shell	100
No Stewart art thou, Galloway	75
Now bank and brae are clad in green	187
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays	121
Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea	116
Now nature hangs her mantle green	10
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	81
Now spring has clad the grove in green	146
O aye my wife she dang me	126
O bonnie was yon rosy brier	147
O cam ye here the fight to shun	166
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs	186
O'er the water to Charlie	179
O for ane-and-twenty, Tam	30
O had the malt thy strength of mind	125
Oh! I am come to the low countrie	98
Oh, open the door some pity to show	65
O how shall I, unskilfu', try	19
Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast	156
O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?	66
O lassie, are ye sleepin' yet	127
O lassie art thou sleepin' yet	83
O lay thy loof in mine, lass	156
O leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel	51
O let me in this ae night	127
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	72
O lovely Polly Stewart	28
O luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen	21
O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet	42
O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty	29
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour	62
O my luve's like a red, red rose	173
On the seas and far away	106
Open the door to me, oh!	65
O Philly, happy be that day	117
O poortith cauld and restless love	60
O, sad and heavy should I part	45
O saw ye bonnie Lesley	50
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?	29
O saw ye my dear, my Philly?	112
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay	141
O, steer her up	126
O Thou, who kindly dost provide	43
O Thou in whom we live and move	43
Out over the Forth I look to the north	12
O wat ye wha's in yon town?	129
O were my love yon lilac fair	175
O wert thou, love, but near me	142
O wha is she that lo'es me	149
O whar did you get that hauver-meal bannock?	160
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad	78
O Winter, with its frosty beard	85
Owl, To the	186
Pastoral Poetry, Poem on	24
Peg-a-Ramsay	125
Phillis the Fair	77
Polly Stewart	28

	Page
Poortith Cauld	60
Posie, The	21
Posthumous Child, On the Birth of	8
Powers celestial, whose protection	187
Prayer for Mary	187
Queensberry, On the Duke of	27
Rattlin', roarin' Willie	165
Richardson, Gabriel—Epitaph	125
Riddell, Mrs. Maria, Epigram on	96
Riddell, Robert, Lines on	97
Riddell, Robert, Sonnet on the Death of	96
Riddell's, Mrs., Birthday	85
Rights of Woman, The	54
Robin shure in hairst	161
Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth	186
Sae far awa	45
Sae flaxen were her ringlets	108
Saw ye my Philly	112
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth	159
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure	187
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	82
Sensibility, On	41
She is a winsome wee thing	52
Shelah O'Neil	186
Sheriff-muir, Battle of	166
She says she lo'es me best of a'	108
Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave	95
Sic a wife as Willie had	47
Simmer's a pleasant time	165
Sing on, sweet thrush	62
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?	113
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires	186
Soldier's Return, The	67
Solemn League and Covenant, The	124
Somebody	122
Song of Death	40
Sonnet on hearing a Thrush Sing	62
Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway	76
Staig, Miss Jessie—Epigram	109
Still anxious to secure your partial favour	87
"Stop, thief!" dame Nature cried to Death	96
Such a parcel of Rogues in a Nation	36
Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon	13
Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn wood	18
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn	124
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love	8
Sweet naïveté of feature	56
Sweetest May, let Love inspire thee	162
Syme, Mr., Inscription on Goblet of	124
Syme, Mr., To	125, 151
Talk not to me of savages	158
Tam o' Shanter	1
That there is falsehood in his looks	110
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw	174
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town	48
The flowery banks o' bonnie Doon	13
The friend, whom, wild from wisdom's way	89
The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures	70
Their groves o' sweet myrtle	140
The king's most humble servant, I	70
The lass that made the bed to me	131
The last time I came o'er the moor	71
The Lovely Lass of Inverness	97
The noble Maxwells and their powers	34
The ploughman he's a bonnie lad	162
There grows a bonnie brier-bush	177
There livèd a carle on Kellyburn Braes	171
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame	12
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen	56
There's death in the cup—sae beware!	124
There was a bonnie lass	127
There was a lass, and she was fair	73
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing	34
The Solemn League and Covenant	124
The tither morn, when I forlorn	186
The wind blew hollow frae the hills	15
The winter it is past	181
They snool me sair, and haud me down	30
Thine am I, my faithful fair	85
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair	159
This is no my ain lassie	145
Thomson, Address to the Shade of	33
Thomson, Lines on Commemorations of	55
Thou bed in which I first began	186
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!	81
Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme	22
Thou of an independent mind	105
Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st	17
Tippling Ballad, A	58
'Tis friendship's pledge, my young fair friend	148
Toad-eater, The	42
Toast, The	70
To Riddell, much lamented man	97
To thee, loved Nith	186
Tree of Liberty, The	102
True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow	66
True Loyal Natives, The	69
Turn again, thou fair Eliza	31
Turner, Andrew—Epigram	110
'Twas in the seventeen hunder year	136
'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e	142
'Twas on a Monday morning	178
'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied	186
Up wi' the carles o' Dysart	170

	Page
Vision, A	90
Vowels, The	186
Wae is my heart	121
Wandering Willie (three versions)	63–64
Washington's Birthday, Ode for	100
Weary Pund o' Tow	46
We're a' noddin'	180
Whare live ye, my bonnie lass	168
What can a young lassie	20
What dost thou in that mansion fair?	75
What of earls with whom you have supp'd	42
Wha will buy my troggin	157
When chapman billies leave the street	1
When first my brave Johnnie lad cam to this town	163
When Morine, deceased, to the devil went down	76
When o'er the hill the eastern star	52
When Princes and Prelates	58
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn	67
When winter's wind was blawing cauld	131
Where are the joys I have met in the morning	84
Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea	27
While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things	54
While larks with little wing fann'd the pure air	77
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood	33
Whistle and I'll come to you	78
Whitefoord, Sir John, Lines sent to	17
Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading	185
Whom will you send to London town	132
Willie Stewart	28
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed	47
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay	182
Wilt thou be my dearie?	88
Winter of Life, The	114
Wood-lark, Address to the	141
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	53
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	14
Ye holy walls that still sublime	186
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?	69
Ye Jacobites by name	35
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering	70
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song	69
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain	92
Young Jessie	66
You're welcome, Willie Stewart	28

POEMS AND SONGS.

1790 TO 1796.

TAM O' SHANTER.[1]

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

This poem dates from the autumn of 1790. Regarding the composition of it the following particulars were given by Mrs. Burns according to Cromek. Burns had spent the most of the day out of doors, and in the afternoon she joined him with her children. He was now busily engaged *crooning to himsel'*, and Mrs. Burns perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind him with her little ones. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who was reciting loudly, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated lines which he had just conceived—"Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans," &c. According to M'Diarmid the verses were committed to writing on the top of a *sod-dyke:* when finished, Burns came into the house, and read them in high triumph. It could have only been the rough draft of the poem, however, that was thus thrown off at a heat. Burns refers to it first in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated November, 1790, in which he says: "I am much flattered by your approbation of my 'Tam o' Shanter,' which you express in your former letter." To his friend Alexander Cunningham he wrote on the 23d of January following:—"I have just finished a poem—'Tam o' Shanter'—which you will receive inclosed. It is my first essay in the way of tales:" thus showing that the file had in the interim been at work.

When chapman billies leave the street, — pedlar fellows
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, — thirsty neighbours
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate; — road

[1] To the poet's intercourse with Captain Grose (a notice of whom will be found in vol. ii. p. 159) we owe this admirable tale. Burns was desirous that Alloway Kirk should be made honourable mention of, and that an engraving of it should be given in the work which the antiquary was then preparing, illustrative of Scottish antiquities. To this Grose agreed, provided the poet would undertake to supply a witch-story, to be printed along with the engraving. Hence the present poem, which was first published in *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland* (Feby. 1791), in connection with a plate of Kirk-Alloway. Grose's note, appended to the poem, is highly amusing at this time of day:—"To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obligated: for he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the county honoured by his birth, but he also wrote expressly for this work the pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church." In a long letter written in the end of 1790 Burns also supplied Grose with three witch-stories (one of them the basis of "Tam o' Shanter").

The worthy who figured as the prototype of Tam o' Shanter was an individual named Douglas Graham, a Carrick farmer. Shanter is a farm on the Carrick shore, near Kirkoswald, which Graham long possessed. It was at the age of seventeen, while residing with his maternal uncle, Samuel Brown, at Ballochneil, and studying geometry under Hugh Rodger at Kirkoswald School, that Burns was introduced to the race of half farmers half smugglers who dwelt along the Carrick coast, and of whom the goodman of Shanter was a notable specimen. He is said to have been "a stout hearty fellow," fond of a social glass, and apt to return rather late from Ayr on market nights. His wife was greatly subject to superstitious beliefs and fears, and used to regard these late returns of her husband as not only a breach of wordly propriety, but as a tempting of the evil powers of a supernatural kind, which she supposed to interfere

While we sit bousing at the nappy, ale
An' gettin' fou and unco happy, tipsy uncommonly
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles, streams, gaps in fences
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, found
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, from one
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, good-for-nothing
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; babbling noisy fellow
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder,[1] wi' the miller, every milling
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; money
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on, nag driven
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; drunk
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton[2] Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, dark
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.[3]

in the affairs of mortals. It is said that on one occasion when Burns and two or three friends had taken shelter at Shanter farm during a storm, she launched forth into a lament about the habits of her husband, his tippling with miller, smith, and souter, and his late home-comings, prophesying that evil would be sure to ensue. We are told that on one special occasion there had been a more than usually prolonged sitting, and Graham, when riding home in a storm, had his bonnet blown off, with unfortunately a sum of money in banknotes stowed away inside. Hopeless of recovering it in the dark, he proceeded on his way, and to account to his wife both for his late arrival and his loss he related a story of having seen a dance of witches and warlocks in Alloway Kirk, of having been pursued by them to the bridge of Doon, where he escaped with the loss of his bonnet and the contents. The latter he recovered next morning. The prose version of the legend as given by Burns to Grose agrees closely with his poetical version, though lacking in fulness of picturesque detail.

[1] The quantity of meal ground or of grain sent to the mill at one time is called a *melder*.

[2] A Scottish village, or a detached portion of a Scottish village, in which a parish church is situated is often called "the Kirkton" (Kirk-town). "Kirkton Jean" is said to have been a certain Jean Kennedy, the landlady of a public-house in the village of Kirkoswald.

[3] Alloway Kirk has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved. It is but a small building, and indeed the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The "winnock-bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion. Around the building are other openings built up, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hellish scene. Every scrap of wood about the building has long disappeared. The small burying-ground is crowded with memorial stones, but the only one of any interest is that of the poet's father. At a short distance off is the monument to Burns, containing various relics of the poet, and in particular the Bible which he presented to Highland Mary at their famous parting. The "auld brig" of Doon, on which poor

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, — makes weep
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night, — one
Tam had got planted, unco right, — remarkably
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, — fireside, blazing
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; — foaming ale
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; — thirsty
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; — very brother
They had been fou for weeks thegither. — tipsy together
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter; — drove chat
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories; — told
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle, — roar
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy. — ale
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, — loads
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls[1] in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride— — must
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;

Maggie had her tail reduced to scarce a stump, still stands a narrow inconvenient structure of one arch. A handsome new bridge, however, spans the river about a hundred yards below. The old road from Ayr, by which Burns supposed his hero to have approached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west of the present one. About a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk is the site of

——— the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

A little beyond that was

——— the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;

namely, a ford over a small brook which joins the Doon. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well, where formerly stood the thorn on which "Mungo's mither" committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk from the west.

[1] This is the reading of Burns's own text and MSS., "snow falls" being instead of "snow *that* (or *which*) falls," by a not uncommon ellipsis. Common readings are "snow-falls" or "snow-fall."

And sic a night he taks the road in, — such
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; — as if it would have blown
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray meare, Meg, — mare
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, — rode quickly
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet: — sometimes
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares, — staring
Lest bogles catch him unawares; — goblins
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.— — ghosts owls

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd; — smothered
And past the birks and meikle stane, — birches large stone
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; — found
And near the thorn, aboon the well, — above
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; — blaze
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; — every crevice
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil; — twopenny (ale)
Wi' usquaebae we'll face the devil! — whisky
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, — ale creamed
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. — cared not for devils a farthing
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, — sorely
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight! — I vow strange

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France, — brand-new from

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east, window recess
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, shaggy dog
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, made screech
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.— vibrate
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight, magical trick
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table, holy
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; irons
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, newly cut from a rope
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, own
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;[1] stuck
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'. would

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, stared
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The Piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,[2] linked arms
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, every hag sweated and smoked
And coost her duddies to the wark, cast her clothes
And linket at it in her sark! tripped smartly shift

[1] In the original draught of the poem the following four lines were here written:—

> Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
> Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout,
> And priests' hearts rotten, black as muck,
> Lay stinking vile, in every neuck.

"These lines," says Currie, "independent of other objections, interrupt and destroy the emotions of terror which the preceding description had excited. They were very properly left out of the printed collection by the advice of Mr. Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, to which Burns seems to have paid much deference."

[2] These are technical terms that require some explanation. The following may perhaps suffice, though a little too restricted in some respects. "The *foursome* reel, to which alone all the terms apply, was danced by two couples, one at each end of the apartment. When they *reeled* they 'moved to the music of the Doric reed' from end to end of the apartment, and the gentlemen exchanged places and partners [that is, they danced in 'a figure of eight' across the floor, in quick time]. They *set*, means that the partners danced in front of each other. When they *cleeked*, the partners bent their right and left arms alternately, and linking, hooking, or *cleeking* each other, danced in a circle moving on their own centres. . . . *Crossing*, which required two sets of dancers, that is, two couples at each end, was done by the dancers at the same end stretching over, taking the hand of the other's partner, and dancing as in cleeking."—CUTHBERTSON'S *Glossary to the Poetry and Prose of Robert Burns* (1886).

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, greasy flannel
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen![1]
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, these breeches
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair, once
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies, thighs
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies! one glance lasses

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, [would wean
Rigwoodie[2] hags wad spean a foal, gaunt and withered (that)
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock, leaping crook-headed staff
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie: very well
There was ae winsome wench and waulie, one tall and comely
That night enlisted in the corps,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore! known
For mony a beast to dead she shot,[3]
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bere, both much oats
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cuttie sark, o' Paisley harn,[4] short shift coarse linen
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.— boastful
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, bought
Wi' twa pund Scots[5] ('twas a' her riches,) two pounds
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour; must lower
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r; such
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, leaped flung
(A souple jade she was and strang,) supple strong
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd; eyes
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, stared fidgeted
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: hitched
Till first ae caper, syne anither, one then another
Tam tint his reason a' thegither, lost altogether
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

[1] Very fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.

[2] A *rigwoodie* is the back-chain of a cart, or what goes over the horse's back to support the shafts. Here it seems to imply leanness or gauntness, or that they were dry and withered.

[3] Animals (as cattle) that die suddenly are often said to be *shot to dead* or elfshot, their death being attributed to magic or other supernatural influence. This is what is here alluded to.

[4] *Harn*, that is *harden*, coarse linen: the cloth being made of *hards*, or refuse of flax.

[5] That is, 40*d.* sterling.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, buzz fuss
When plundering herds assail their byke; nest
As open pussie's mortal foes, the hare
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollow. unearthly screech

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane[1] of the brig; bridge
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake! deuce
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; intent
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail: own
The carlin claught her by the rump, hag clutched
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed: every
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.[2]

[1] It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—R. B.

[2] "The strength and vivacity of Burns's conceptive faculties may be estimated by the distinctness with which he places himself and his readers in fictitious situations. He appears, by a kind of sorcery, to disengage us from the power of the senses, and to transport us to imaginary scenes, where the vision, for the time, has all the power of actual existence. . . . We find ourselves seated with Tam o' Shanter at the blazing fire of the ale-house, and grow familiarly acquainted with the jovial group; we enter into all the warmth of the fraternal friendship between Tam and the Souter, who 'had been fou for weeks thegither,' and we perceive our spirits rise as the bowl goes round; we accompany the hero through the tempest; we gaze with him at the window of the illuminated ruin, and shudder at the strange mixture of unearthly horror and heaven-defying merriment. Nor can we at once resume our own persons, and withdraw from the contemplation of objects which, by superior vivacity, compensate for their want of reality."—PROFESSOR WALKER.

"In the inimitable tale of 'Tam o' Shanter,' he has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful, and even horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions. His humorous description of Death (in the poem of Dr. Hornbook) borders on the terrific, and the witches' dance in the Kirk of Alloway is at once ludicrous and horrible."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"To the last Burns was of opinion that 'Tam o' Shanter' was the best of all his productions; and al-

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,[1]

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

Burns replied to a letter of Mrs. Dunlop's announcing the birth of her grandchild:—"I literally jumped for joy. I seized my gilt-headed wangee rod, an instrument indispensably necessary, in my left hand, in the moment of inspiration and rapture; and stride, stride, quick and quicker, out skipped I among the broomy banks of Nith to muse over my joy by retail. To keep within the bounds of prose was impossible. Mrs. Little's is a more elegant, but not a more sincere compliment to the sweet little fellow, than I, extempore almost, poured out to him in the following verses." Nov. 1790.

Sweet Floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move, stone would
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea, limps
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm. from

May He wha gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower, from
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds, pangs
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

though it does not always happen that poet and public come to the same conclusion on such points, I believe the decision in question has been all but unanimously approved of."—J. G. LOCKHART.——"I look on 'Tam o' Shanter' to be my standard performance in the poetical line." Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, 11th April, 1791. Carlyle's opinion of the poem is less high; he ranks it below the "Jolly Beggars."

"Who but some impenetrable dunce, or narrow-minded Puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exultation of the rustic adventurer, Tam o' Shanter? The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset, that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion;—the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within.—I pity him who cannot perceive that in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect."—WORDSWORTH.

[1] This was the grandchild of Mrs. Dunlop. Miss Susan Dunlop, daughter of the poet's friend, married M. Henri, a French gentleman of birth and fortune, who died suddenly, in 1790, at Loudoun Castle, in Ayrshire, which he had rented. Mrs. Henri subsequently went to France to visit her deceased husband's relations, accompanied by her infant son, and in one of Burns's letters to Mrs. Dunlop we find him condoling with that lady on the death of a daughter in a foreign land. Mrs. Little, mentioned above, published a volume of poems (1792) containing pieces not without merit. She had charge of the dairy at Loudoun Castle, and was known as "the Scottish Milkmaid."

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.[1]

Elizabeth Burnett, the daughter of the learned and eccentric Lord Monboddo, is first alluded to by Burns in the "Address to Edinburgh." Shortly after his introduction he gave his opinion of her as follows:—"There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness, the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." From her portrait we have no difficulty in comprehending the enthusiasm with which Burns speaks of this young lady. She died of consumption on the 17th June, 1790, at the early age of twenty-five. In a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 23d January, 1791, Burns says:—"I have, these several months, been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get, no farther than the following fragment." The copy sent wanted the closing stanza, which was already added in another copy sent to Mrs. Dunlop on 7th Feb. 1791. In his letter to this lady he says: "I had the honour of being pretty well acquainted with her, and have seldom felt so much at the loss of an acquaintance, as when I heard that so amiable and accomplished a piece of God's works was no more."

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

[1] Monboddo is an estate in Kincardineshire, from which—being his property—James Burnett, the eminent Scottish judge and somewhat eccentric scholar, took his title on being made a lord of session. He was born in 1714 and died at Edinburgh in 1799. He was the author of two elaborate works: *Of the Origin and Progress of Language*, six vols. 1773–1792; and *Ancient Metaphysics*, written in defence of Greek philosophy, six vols. 1779–1799. In the former work he maintained, among other things, his belief in a tailed race of men, that the orang-outang belonged to the human species, and that its want of speech was accidental. Dr. Johnson visited Lord Monboddo at his family seat, as narrated in Boswell's *Life*. Lord Monboddo had an excessive respect and admiration for the ancients, and as wheeled carriages were not in common use among them he would never willingly enter one, always making his journeys on horseback. He was unfortunate in his family relations, having lost his wife at the birth of an only son who died while a youth, and having latterly lost his second daughter Elizabeth.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

"Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet," says the poet, in a letter to Mrs. Graham of Fintry, dated February, 1791, "or whether I have in the enclosed ballad succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past; on that account I enclose it particularly to you." In a letter to Dr. Moore, dated 27th February, 1791, he had written:—"The ballad on Queen Mary was begun while I was busy with Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*."[1]

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn, larks
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r, blackbird
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

[1] On April 25th, 1791, the poet addressed a letter to Lady W. M. Constable, from whom he had received a present of a valuable snuff-box, on the lid of which was painted a fine portrait of the unfortunate queen. —"In the moment of composition," says he, "the box shall be my inspiring genius. When I would breathe the comprehensive wish of benevolence for the happiness of others, I shall recollect your ladyship; when I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary." In this letter was inclosed a copy of the above "Lament."

"And I'm the sovereign of Scotland".

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
  The primrose down the brae; hillside
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
  And milk-white is the slae: sloe
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
  May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
  Maun lie in prison strang. must

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
  Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn, rose
  As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
  And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
  And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
  My sister and my fae, foe
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
  That thro' thy soul shall gae: go
The weeping blood in woman's breast
  Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
  Frae woman's pitying ee. eye

My son! my son! may kinder stars
  Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
  That ne'er wad blink on mine! would shine
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes, from foes
  Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
  Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
  Nae mair light up the morn! no more
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
  Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
  Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
  Bloom on my peaceful grave!

SONG—THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

TUNE—"*There are few guid fellows when Jamie's awa'.*"

This Jacobite lyric was written for, and appeared in the fourth volume of the *Museum*. On the 11th March, 1791, Burns sent a copy of it in a letter to Alexander Cunningham with the remarks:—"You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.' . . . If you like the air and if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear friend, how much you would oblige me, if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you would give my honest effusion to the 'memory of joys that are past,' to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure."

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey:
And as he was singing, the tears down came,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,— dare not well know
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, handsome
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd: weep earth
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his crown; lost
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

SONG—OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE—"*Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*"

The second stanza of this fragment is copied into a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 11th March, 1791:—"Apropos, how do you like this thought in a ballad I have just now on the tapis?"

I look to the west when I gae to rest, &c.

The little song as it stands appeared in the fifth volume of the *Museum*.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.[1]

[FIRST VERSION.]

Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,
And everything is blythe and glad,
But I am fu' o' care.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days — remindest
When my fause luve was true: — false
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang, — so
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, — oft have
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve, — every
And sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, — pulled
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luver staw my rose — false lover stole
And left the thorn wi' me:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon! — ere

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.[2]

[SECOND VERSION.]

TUNE—"*Catharine Ogie.*"

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair! — bloom

[1] The above version of one of the most popular of our poet's songs was sent in a letter to Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, on the 11th March, 1791. This letter very definitely fixes the date of composition of the song, since Burns writes as follows: "I have this evening sketched out a song which I had a great mind to send you. . . . My song is intended to sing to a strathspey or reel, of which I am very fond, called in Cumming's collection of strathspeys 'Ballendalloch's Reel,' and in other collections that I have met with 'Camdelmore.' It takes three stanzas of four lines each to go through the whole tune. . . . If the foregoing piece be worth your strictures let me have them. For my own part, a thing that I have just composed always appears through a double portion of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works." There is a greater naturalness and simplicity about this and the very similar version following than about the one better known.

Allan Cunningham in his edition of Burns remarks: "An Ayrshire legend says the heroine of this affecting song was Miss Peggy Kennedy of Daljarrock, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for M'Dowall of Logan." Tradition is, however, not always to be trusted. But Robert Chambers, perhaps simply following Cunningham, took the same view.

[2] The above version of this most popular lyric was

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae fu' o' care! — so full

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
  That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days — remindest
  When my fause luve was true. — false

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
  That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wist na o' my fate. — knew not

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, — oft have
  To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve, — every
  And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, — pulled
  Frae aff its thorny tree, — from off
And my fause luver staw the rose, — false lover stole
  But left the thorn wi' me.

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.[1]

[THIRD VERSION.]

TUNE—"*Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*"

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, — slopes
  How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
  That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:

found by Cromek among Burns's papers, and was published by him in his *Reliques*. It differs comparatively little from the first version, except in the first four lines, and in being also shorter by four lines.

[1] See the notes to the preceding two versions. Burns again recast the lyric, to suit an air composed by a Mr. Miller, a writer in Edinburgh. In its new form it appeared in the fourth volume of the *Museum*, published in 1792. The third version has entirely supplanted its predecessors, and in Scotland is almost sure to be heard, sung in chorus, at every party where singing is going. The character of the air seems to suit all sorts of voices, and thousands who would blush, not without reason, to hear themselves join in any other song, think they can *at least take a second in 'The Banks o' Doon.'* The consequence is, that this sweet song is often desecrated by people taking a part in it, who have no more ear for music than a log, and whose voice resembles the creaking of a timber-yard on a windy day.——The Doon, which, in his poetical epistle to William Simson, the poet says "naebody sings," any more than the Irvine, Lugar, and Ayr, has been sung by himself in other pieces besides this, as in "Halloween" and the "Vision;" and in the scenery of "Tam o' Shanter," for instance, it notably figures. The river flows from Loch Doon, on the borders of Ayrshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and separates the Ayrshire districts of Carrick and Kyle. Burns himself was born almost on its banks "upon the Carrick border," as he himself says, not far from where it enters the sea. There is much fine scenery on its banks. In the upper part of its course, soon after leaving Loch Doon, it flows through a deep, narrow, rocky gorge. It falls into the Firth of Clyde, about 2 miles south of Ayr, after a course of some 27 miles.

Thou minds me o' departed joys, remindest
Departed—never to return!

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, oft have
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve, every
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, pulled
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
And my fause luver staw my rose, false lover stole
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.[1]

Shortly after his lordship's death we find Burns thus expressing himself to Lady E. Cunningham, the earl's sister, in a letter written in March, 1791, and inclosing a copy of the "Lament:"—"Had the wing of my fancy been equal to the ardour of my heart, the inclosed had been much more worthy your perusal; as it is I beg to lay it at your ladyship's feet. As all the world knows my obligations to the late Earl of Glencairn, I would wish to show as openly that my heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his Lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his Lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me! If among my children I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn!" The poet's fourth son, born August 12th, 1794, was named James Glencairn Burns.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills, from
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard, craggy
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik, oak
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleachèd white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!

[1] This nobleman died at Falmouth, on 27th January, 1791, in the forty-second year of his age, after returning from a futile voyage to Lisbon in search of health. James Cunningham, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, was born in 1749, and succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1775. In 1780 he became one of the Scottish representative peers, but his name would assuredly have been quite forgotten long ago had it not been for his connection with Burns. He was the first of the coterie of notables who extended to the poet the right hand of fellowship when he went to Edinburgh. It appears that Robert Aiken of Ayr (to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" had been dedicated) was a relative of Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, who introduced Burns to his cousin Lord Glencairn, through whom again he became acquainted with the Earl of Buchan, and his brother Henry Erskine, the witty Dean of Faculty. Glencairn also induced Creech to become the publisher of the poet's works, that learned bibliopole having formerly been travelling tutor to the young nobleman. Furthermore it was through the earl's influence that the members of the Caledonian Hunt agreed to subscribe for 100 copies of the Edinburgh edition of the poems. For all these kindnesses Burns felt deep gratitude, to which he gives frequent and unstinted expression in prose and verse. Letters to this nobleman, and to his mother and sister, exist among the poet's correspondence. Another poetic tribute is the verses beginning "Whose is that noble dauntless brow," &c.

And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To Echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and ee; eye
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane: hold
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm, must
And ithers plant them in my room. others

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:[1]
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care, load
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. darkest

[1] A line of the 15th Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.

"In Poverty's low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen gray with time!
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;[1]
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"[2]

LINES[3]

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF WHITEFOORD, BART., WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The Friend thou valued'st, I the Patron lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.

[1] Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore. . . .
She may forget, nature may fail, &c.

24th Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.

[2] The last stanza of this "Lament," it may interest the lovers of literature to know, was a great favourite with Hazlitt, and often repeated by him.

[3] These lines seem to have been written in October, 1791, for Sir John acknowledged receipt of them in a letter dated "Near Maybole, October 16th, 1791," in which occurs this passage—"The lines addressed to myself are very flattering." He adds that both the poet and himself should moderate their grief for the loss they had sustained with the reflection, that though he could not come to them they might go to him. We have departed from the strictly chronological sequence here in deference to the arrangement of the poet, who had the two poems printed in close connection.

SONG—CRAIGIEBURN.[1]

TUNE—"*Craigieburn-wood.*"

Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn-wood,
And blythely awaukens the morrow; awakes
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me, have none
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell, cannot must not
I darena for your anger; dare not
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen, it would death
My heart wad burst wi' anguish. would
Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

[1] Craigieburn is situated near Moffat, in Dumfriesshire, in a beautiful sylvan region near the bottom of the vale of Moffat. The name is derived from a streamlet which joins the Moffat.

The song, as given above, was published in Johnson's *Musical Museum*. Burns afterwards greatly abridged and altered it for Thomson's collection. The simple gracefully flowing melody to which it is set in the *Museum* Burns had taken down (probably by his friend Masterton) from the singing of a resident in the district. It will be noted that the rhythm of the first verse differs unfortunately from that of all the others, and it is to the rhythm of the first verse that the music is best adapted. The chorus in both words and music is entirely out of keeping. Burns himself informs us that he wrote this song with reference to a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for Jean Lorimer (the "Chloris" of several fine lyrics by Burns), who had been born at Craigieburn-wood. For a short sketch of her career see note to the poem "Sae flaxen were her ringlets."

SONG—LOVELY DAVIES.[1]

TUNE—"*Miss Muir.*"

In the letter addressed to Miss Davies accompanying these verses the poet thus apologizes for the liberty he takes in making her the subject of such a piece: "I have heard or read somewhere of a gentleman who had some genius, much eccentricity, and very considerable dexterity with his pencil. In the accidental group of life into which one is thrown, wherever this gentleman met with a character in a more than ordinary degree congenial to his heart, he used to steal a sketch of the face; merely, he said, as a *nota bene*, to point out the agreeable recollection to his memory. What this gentleman's pencil was to him, my Muse is to me; and the verses I do myself the honour to send you are a *memento* exactly of the same kind that he indulged in."

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation?
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration—
Even they maun dare an effort mair — must more
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse, — ere
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part — so must
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, — from above sky
That maks us mair than princes; — more
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse—to dream of such a theme
Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain, — would
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire — drop
The charms o' lovely Davies.

[1] Miss Deborah Davies, the subject of this and the following song and epigram, was a beautiful young lady connected with the Riddell family, through whom, no doubt, Burns got acquainted with her when residing at Ellisland. Her father was a doctor at Tenby in South Wales, and she appears to have been but a temporary resident in Nithsdale. In the poet's General Correspondence there are two letters to her written in rather a high-flown strain of compliment.

SONG—BONNIE WEE THING.[1]

TUNE—"*Bonnie Wee Thing.*"

"Composed on my little idol—the charming lovely Davies."—R. B.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, gentle
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom, would
Lest my jewel I should tine. lose

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, feels a pang
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine; one
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

EPIGRAM—WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.[2]

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite!
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

SONG—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.[3]

TUNE—"*What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man.*'

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie mother
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'! money

[1] The "charming lovely Davies," as Burns tells us, was the subject of these verses, as she was of the song preceding, in a note to which some particulars regarding her are given. Burns seems to have enclosed the song in a letter sent to Miss Davies. It may be as well to state that Miss Davies, while very beautiful, was extremely small in size—really a "wee thing." The simple and charming melody is in Oswald's *Companion*.

[2] See note to song "Bonnie Wee Thing." It is said that Burns and a friend were sitting at the window of the inn at Moffat one day when this *petite* but charming young lady rode past, accompanied by a lady of masculine proportions. "Why has God made the one lady so small and the other so large?" asked his friend. Burns replied in the words of the epigram.

[3] "This humorous song," says Stenhouse, "was written in 1790 expressly for the *Museum*. Dr. Blacklock had likewise written a long ballad to the same tune. At the foot of Burns's MS. is the following note: 'Set the tune to these words. . . . You may put Dr. B.'s song after these verses, or you may leave it out, as you please. It has some merit, but it is miserably long.' Johnson thought the doctor's song too tedious for insertion, and therefore left it out." The closing line is taken from an old ditty "Auld Rob Morris."

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' till e'enin', from
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang; coughs limps
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen, exhausted stupefied
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man! sorrow

My auld aunty Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart break him, rack (or wreck)
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

SONG—THE POSIE.[1]

TUNE—"*The Posie.*"

Burns, writing to Thomson, under date 19th October, 1794, says:—"The 'Posie' in the *Museum* is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country, but the old words are trash." The air, although in the minor mode, has a certain charming gaiety about it, that should render it and the song more popular than they seem to be.

O luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen, dare not well
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been; once
But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,—
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. pull own

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she is the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

[1] The "Posie" has received the commendation of Professor Wilson. He has compared it with a production of the Grecian muse, and gives the preference to the bard of Coila for poetry as well as passion. In Burns the tenderness is more beautiful—the expression more exquisite; and the critic pooh-poohs the objection that might be brought forward, namely, that all the flowers Burns speaks of could not be found blooming at one time. A version of this beautiful lyric, presenting some very interesting variations, each verse concluding, "And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean," was printed in *The Harp of Caledonia* (Glasgow, 1818-19). This, which has only six stanzas, may possibly represent the original draught of the song. From what source it was obtained we are ignorant. In the second stanza the third line stands—

I'll join the scented birk to the breathing eglantine.

In the third stanza, the second line reads—

The morning's fragrance breathing like her sweet bonnie mou'.

In the fourth the poet says—

I'll pu' the lily pure that adorns the dewy vale,
The richly blooming hawthorn that scents the vernal gale.
The daisy all simplicity, of unaffected mien.

In the sixth—

The violet for modesty, the odour-breathing bean.

The fifth stanza is not represented at all.

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray, silver
Where, like an aged man it stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,— will not
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear: eyes
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,— well befalls her
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' abuve,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,—
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN.

A FRAGMENT.

The following fragment was copied by the poet into the Glenriddell collection of poems, now in the Athenæum Library, Liverpool.

Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has;
Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
That when thou pleasest can do wonders;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premised, I sing—a Fox
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Couldst thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?

How couldst thou, with a heart so good,
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood)
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates,
With many rueful bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley slaves in hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding slavery's chains on Man;
How fell Semiramis—G–d d–mn her!
Did first with sacrilegious hammer,
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory;
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire;
With much, too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date;
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,
Has gagg'd old Britain, drain'd her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a college;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How Fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, "I ne'er can need him,"
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

* * * * * *

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.[1]

Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd
In chase of thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd — from
'Mang heaps o' clavers; — silly talk
And och! owre aft thy joes hae starv'd, — too often lovers
Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang — tramp rapidly
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang — one
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives — dwarf, to him hauls
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches; — herdsman's ballads
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches — flashy
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches, — hundreds
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit an' lear, — fine learning
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair — none more
Blaw sweetly, in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane—a Scottish callan! — one lad
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan! — forward
Thou needna jouk behint the hallan, — crouch behind the partition
A chiel sae clever; — fellow

[1] Gilbert Burns, in his edition of his brother's works, first suggested that this poem was not the poet's composition, though how he was led to entertain such an idea we do not know. Allan Cunningham had no doubt of its being Burns's; and Alexander Smith says:—"Few readers, we fancy, can have any doubt on the matter. Burns is, unquestionably, the author. The whole poem is full of lines which are 'like autographs,' and the four closing stanzas are in the poet's best manner." One editor conjectures that William Hamilton of Gilbertfield may have been the author, questioning the Burns authorship, principally on the omission of Fergusson's name from the list of pastoral poets, while that of Allan Ramsay is introduced; Burns having been in the habit of naming the two poets together, and expressing a preference for Fergusson. Against this theory, however, there are the stubborn facts that Hamilton died in 1751, and Mrs. Barbauld, whose name is introduced into the poem, published her first work in 1772. And whatever Burns thought of Fergusson he could have hardly put him on a level with Ramsay as a writer of *pastoral* poetry. We believe the poem to be Burns's undoubtedly.

"In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes."

The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,[1]
But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden streams thro' myrtles twines, no golden
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays, daisied brooklet
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes; clothes
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes, groves slopes
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell; floods
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell smart
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.[2]

As on the banks o' winding Nith,
Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray'd, one
And traced its bonnie holms and haughs, meadows
Whare linties sang and lambkins play'd, linnets

[1] The ruins of a strong fortress on a high rock on the coast of Haddingtonshire.

[2] Drumlanrig Castle, an important residence of the Buccleuch family, is situated on the right bank of the Nith, near the town of Thornhill, seventeen miles from Dumfries. It was built between 1679 and 1689 and is in the form of a quadrangle, having square turrets at the corners, and an interior court, accessible through an arched portal. Its site on a terrace overlooking the Nith, surrounded by fine woods, and backed by a range of lofty hills, is very imposing. At the time when Burns resided in Nithsdale the honours and estates were in the possession of the profligate Duke of Queensberry, the notorious "Old Q," who rarely visited any of his Scottish mansions. Drumlanrig Castle was then partially occupied by the duke's chamberlain, or land-agent, John M'Murdo, Esq., at whose fireside Burns became a frequent and welcome guest. The letters and poems of the Ayrshire bard testify in sufficiently forcible terms the contempt he entertained for the ducal master, and the affectionate esteem with which he regarded the chamberlain. The wife and daughters of the latter gentleman also came in for a share of his regard; the eldest daughter being heroine of his delightful "ballad" entitled "Bonnie Jean," and Miss Philadelphia or Phillis the subject of two songs in which her name occurs. The poet saw with feelings of the bitterest indignation the woods of Drumlanrig felled by order of the worthless duke, in order to enrich a lady whom he presumed to be his daughter, and this proceeding drew from the pen of our bard the above satirical verses, written probably in 1791. At the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, his chief titles, with the barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, as heir of line.

These verses, first collected in Hogg and Motherwell's edition (1835), appeared originally in the *Scots Magazine* for 1803, with this note prefixed:—"Verses written on a window shutter of a small country inn, in Dumfriesshire, supposed to be by R. Burns." The reading of the magazine is substantially preserved in our text. The verses, in the poet's handwriting, are said to have been found pasted on the back of the shutter. Allan Cunningham doubted their genuineness; and some will probably share his doubts.

I sat me down upon a craig, crag
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind soughs
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—
"And come ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade? birchen
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, not long ago
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When, glinting through the trees, appear'd
Yon wee white cot aboon the mill, above
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek, fireside smoke
That slowly curling clamb the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy bield for ever gane, shelter
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane." alone

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees? deprived
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripp'd the cleeding aff your braes? clothing slopes
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil' fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastern blast," the sprite replied;
"It blaws na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd—
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees,
That reptile—wears a ducal crown!"

STANZAS[1]

ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
  Once great in martial story?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
  His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
  And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name:
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
  From aught that's good exempt.

SONG—THE GALLANT WEAVER.[2]

TUNE—"*The Weaver's March.*"

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea, runs rolling
By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
  He is a gallant weaver.
O I had wooers aught or nine, eight
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; gave
And I was feared my heart would tine, be lost
  And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band, marriage settlement
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
  And gie it to the weaver.

[1] "On being rallied for frequently satirizing persons unworthy of his notice, and the Duke of Queensberry being instanced as an example of a higher kind of game, Burns instantly drew out his pencil and handed to his friend the above bitter stanzas."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.——These two stanzas are sometimes given as part of the "Ballad on the close of the Election Contest," &c., addressed to Graham of Fintry, being introduced along with the verses in which Queensberry is satirized.

[2] The following circumstances have been suggested as explanatory of the origin of this song. Jean Armour, when the results of her intimacy with Burns became too evident, to avoid the immediate pressure of her father's displeasure, went about the month of May (1786) to Paisley (on the banks of the Cart), to stay with a relation of her mother. There was then at Paisley a certain Robert Wilson, a good-looking young weaver, a native of Mauchline. Jean Armour had danced with this "gallant weaver" at the Mauchline dancing-school balls, and, besides her relative, she knew no other person in Paisley. The young fellow was very kind to her, and, although he had a suspicion of the reason of her visit to Paisley, would have been glad to marry her. Burns is said to have heard of this and to have been tortured with the pangs of jealousy. It is supposed to be not improbable that he learned in time to make this episode the subject of sport, and wrote the song, "Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea," in jocular allusion to it. But the supposition seems very doubtful, and the words of the song give no countenance to it. The song appears in the fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum*.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

SONG—WILLIE STEWART.[1]

TUNE—"*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*"

You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart;
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it; maun = must
The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben, tappit-hen = quart-measure; ben = in
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang and friends be slack; strang = strong
Ilk action may he rue it, Ilk = every
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart! wrangs = wrongs

SONG—LOVELY POLLY STEWART.[2]

TUNE—"*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*"

O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower that blaws, it fades, it fa's, blaws = blows; fa's = falls
And art can ne'er renew it;

[1] Lockhart says that the above verses were written on a tumbler on the arrival of William Stewart, a friend of the poet's, at an inn where Burns had been "taking his ease." The landlady being very wroth at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass, a gentleman present gave her a shilling and carried off the relic. It came into the possession of Sir Walter Scott, and is still preserved at Abbotsford. ——William Stewart was resident factor of the estate of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, belonging to the Rev. James Stuart Menteith, rector of Barrowby, Lincolnshire. His daughter Mary is the heroine of the song "Lovely Polly Stewart," which next follows.

[2] The heroine of this song was Mary, daughter of William Stewart, factor of Closeburn estate, a friend of the poet's (see note to the preceding poem "You're welcome, Willie Stewart"). When this ditty was penned in her honour she was about sixteen years of age. Her subsequent career was a sad one. She became the wife of one of her cousins and bore him three children. Owing to some misdeed he had to quit the country, and Polly went to live with a man named Welsh, but they both soon repented of associating on this rather questionable footing and separated. Polly returned to her father's in 1806, but subsequently becoming acquainted with a Swiss soldier went abroad with him. She is said to have died, after many roving adventures, at Florence about 1847.——The lively air to which the song is set in the *Museum* is also known as "Miss Stewart's Reel."

But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart! &c.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven,
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart! &c.

SONG—O SAW YE MY DEARIE, MY EPPIE M'NAB?[1]

TUNE—"*Eppie M'Nab.*"

"The old song with this title," says Burns, "has more wit than decency."

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird, garden
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. will not own
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, false
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

SONG—MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.[2]

TUNE—"*My tocher's the jewel.*"

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty, much
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie, know very well
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. marriage portion

[1] This appeared in Johnson's *Museum* (vol. iv.). Burns wrote another, but scarcely improved version for Thomson's *Collection*. The air, which was taken from Oswald's *Companion*, seems to be far too elaborate for the character of the words.

[2] The fifth, sixth, and four closing lines of this song are said to be old. The air to which it is set in the *Museum* by Burns's own instruction appeared in Gow's *Second Collection*, under the title of "Lord Elcho's Favourite;" but the poet directs Johnson not to put the name of "Lord Elcho's Favourite" above it; "let it just pass for the tune of the song, and a beautiful tune it

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
  It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; — honey
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller, — money
  He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny, — earnest-money
  My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; — would
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
  Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try. — must
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood, — timber
  Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
  And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me. — break — more than

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SONG—O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.[1]

TUNE—"*The Moudiewort.*"

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
  I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang, — teach
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair, and haud me down, — snub me sorely — hold
  And gar me look like bluntie, Tam! — make — a sniveller
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
  And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear, — piece — lump of money
  Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier, — need not ask
  An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof, — booby
  Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof— — hand
  I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

is. ——"This tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow. It is notoriously taken from 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.' It is also to be found long prior to Nathaniel Gow's era, in Aird's *Selection of Airs and Marches*, the first edition, under the name of the 'Highway to Edinburgh.'"—R. B.——"This statement is incorrect. On referring to Neil Gow and Sons' second book, p. 18, it will be seen that it is unclaimed by Nathaniel Gow or any of his family. Mr. Gow found the tune in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book iii. p. 28, as a quick jig; it struck him that it would be pretty if slow; and being without a name, he called it 'Lord Elcho's Favourite.' Oswald's book was published as long prior to Aird's era, as Aird's was to that of Gow."—CROMEK.

[1] This song was composed expressly for Johnson's *Museum*, where it is set to a "rattlin'" tune in jig-time ("The Moudiewort" means "the mole"). Stenhouse says "the subject of the song had a real origin," and without giving names he states the particulars.

"My Marys asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

SONG—FAIR ELIZA.[1]

A Gaelic Air.

Burns in a note to Johnson, on a MS. of this song says: "How do you like the verses? I assure you I have tasked my muse to the top of her performing."

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
  Ae kind blink before we part, — one glance
Rue on thy despairing lover! — Pity
  Can'st thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
  If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
  Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
  The offence is loving thee:
Can'st thou wreck his peace for ever,
  Wha for thine wad gladly die? — would
While the life beats in my bosom,
  Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: — every
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
  Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
  In the pride o' sinny noon; — sunny
Not the little sporting fairy,
  All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
  Fancy lightens in his ee, — eye
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, — knows
  That thy presence gies to me.

SONG—FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.[2]

TUNE—"*Afton Water.*"

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, — slopes
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

[1] This song is set to two Gaelic airs (neither of them very taking) in the *Museum*. Its original title was "Fair Rabina," but that scarcely euphonious name was wisely altered. According to Stenhouse, "Rabina was a young lady to whom Mr. Hunter, a friend of Burns, was much attached. This gentleman went to Jamaica, and died shortly after his arrival."

[2] This melodious lyric, according to the editors of "The Centenary Burns," was sent to Mrs. Dunlop in Feb. 1789, and was suggested by a song of David Garrick's on the Avon. Along with eleven other poems, written between 1788 and 1791, it was presented by the poet in MS. to Mrs. Stewart of Afton and Stair, one of the first persons of rank with whom he became acquainted. She had asked him to visit her, and of the treatment he experienced on this

Thou stock-dove,[1] whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green crested lapwing,[2] thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me. birch

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

occasion he thus speaks in a letter addressed to her about the time he intended to go abroad:—"One feature of your character," he says, "I shall ever with grateful pleasure remember;—the reception I got when I had the honour of waiting on you at Stair. I am little acquainted with politeness, but I know a good deal of benevolence of temper and goodness of heart. Surely did those in exalted stations know how happy they could make some classes of their inferiors by condescension and affability, they would never stand so high, measuring out with every look the height of their elevation, but condescend as sweetly as did Mrs. Stewart of Stair."

It was in the old castle of Stair that this interview took place. Mrs. Stewart, who was connected with that ancient mansion by her marriage, was, by descent, proprietress of another estate, situated in Glen Afton, in the parish of New Cumnock. With this vale Burns probably became acquainted in the course of his rides between Ayrshire and Nithsdale, before and after settling at Ellisland. It is a remarkably fine specimen of the pastoral vale of southern Scotland. The Afton rises in the high grounds where the counties of Ayr, Dumfries, and Kirkcudbright meet; and after a course of ten miles, in a northerly direction, it joins the Nith at New Cumnock. In the lower part of the vale, near New Cumnock, there are a few houses, but the general character of the vale is an almost primitive solitude. On entering it from the south the eye is delighted with the fine mixture of wood and glade which lies along the slopes, like the light and shade of an April day. At no remote period the whole vale was probably overspread with wood, as Yarrow, and other vales now pastoral, are known to have been. The vale now seems half-way between the one condition and the other. Birches in great numbers—the ash—the mountain ash—the pine—together with numerous hawthorns, of great age and considerable size—constitute the materials of the woods of Glen Afton. Here and there a hawthorn may be seen standing by itself on a green slope, the sole survivor of a goodly community of trees, all of which have long since perished. The whole scene is most characteristically Scottish, and in spring, when the hawthorns are in bloom, it is extremely beautiful. As we advance along the vale the woods lessen, and finally cease, and we then see only long reaching green uplands, swelling afar into the lofty bounding hills which separate three counties.

There has been much fruitless discussion as to who is the heroine of this song. Dr. Currie says:—"The song was presented to her [Mrs. Stewart] in return for her notice, the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life." This by no means implies, however, that Currie thought her the subject of the song, although the statement apparently led Lockhart to think so, quite erroneously. For this lady's name was Katherine [*née* Gordon], while that of the heroine is Mary. Gilbert Burns, in furnishing George Thomson with notes on some of his brother's songs, says the inspirer of "Flow gently, sweet Afton," was "the poet's Highland Mary. But Dr. Currie gives a different account of it . . . he must not be contradicted." Against Gilbert's theory it may be stated that Glen Afton is a considerable distance south of Mauchline, the locality where the poet had his rapturous meetings with Mary Campbell; and that he does not seem to have had anything to connect him with Glen Afton till later. The only conclusion we can arrive at is, that the heroine is unknown, and was, probably, imaginary.

The song is not now sung to the tune it was set to, in accordance with Burns's instructions, in Johnson's *Museum*, but to a gracefully flowing melody, composed by Alexander Hume of Edinburgh.

[1] The stock-dove is not found in Scotland. Burns no doubt means the ring-dove or cushat, which utters a pleasant musical coo, while the other is said to have a disagreeable grunting note.

[2] MS. variation "plover."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

The Earl of Buchan had written to the poet about the end of August, 1791, informing him that on the approaching anniversary of Thomson's birthday (September 11th) a temple to his memory would be inaugurated at Ednam, near Kelso, and hoping that he (Burns) would be present at the ceremony, and bring with him an ode suitable for the occasion. To this request the earl received the following courteous and sensible reply:—"A week or two's absence in the very middle of my harvest is what I much doubt I dare not venture on. Your lordship hints at an ode for the occasion: but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired. I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your lordship with the subjoined copy of them, which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am to the task." The original version thus sent was as follows:—

While cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,
  Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet,
Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,
  A carpet for her youthful feet:
While Summer, with a matron's grace,
  Walks stately in the cooling shade,
And oft, delighted, loves to trace,
  The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
  With age's hoary honours clad,
Surveys with self-approving mind
  Each creature on his bounty fed.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
  Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
  Or tunes Æolian strains between:
While Summer, with a matron grace,
  Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
  The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
  By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
  Each creature on his bounty fed:
While maniac Winter rages o'er
  The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
  Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:
So long, sweet Poet of the year!
  Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
  Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

SONG—BONNIE BELL.[1]

TUNE—"*Bonnie Bell.*"

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

SONG—NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.[2]

The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers go build
And set them a' in order.
And they declare, Terreagles fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather;

[1] "This song," says Stenhouse, "is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the *Museum*." The heroine—if she ever had any real existence—is unknown.

[2] Written when Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, the granddaughter and only representative of the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale, returned to Scotland, and rebuilt Terregles House, about three miles from Dumfries, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Lady Winifred was married to a William Haggerston Constable, Esq. of Everingham, in Yorkshire. According to Mrs. Burns her ladyship paid a visit to the poet when he was residing in Dumfries, and it appears that he dined on more than one occasion at Terregles House, which is still the abode of a representative of the "Maxwells and their powers." Two letters of the poet to Lady Winifred Maxwell are extant, one of which has already been referred to in connection with the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots." The other was spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as being addressed to "that singular old curmudgeon, Lady Winifred Constable. —— The air to which the song is set in the fourth volume of the *Museum* is by the poet's friend Captain Riddell of Friars' Carse; it is neither very original nor very pleasing.

The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

SONG—FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

TUNE—"*Carron Side.*"

"I added the four last lines," says Burns, "by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is."——"The whole song, however, is in his own handwriting, and I have reason to believe it is all his own."—STENHOUSE.

Frae the friends and land I love — from
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight. — more
Never mair maun hope to find — must
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
When remembrance wracks the mind — wrecks
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear, — dark
Desert ilka blooming shore, — every
Till the fates, nae mair severe, — no more
Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilk loyal bonnie lad — each
Cross the seas and win his ain. — own

SONG—YE JACOBITES BY NAME.[1]

TUNE—"*Ye Jacobites by name.*"

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame— — must
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

[1] This is said, but on what authority we know not, to be founded on an old Jacobite song. It is not assigned to Burns in the *Museum*, where it is set to the tune otherwise known as "My Love's in Germanie." Stenhouse describes it as "an unclaimed production of Burns."

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

SONG—SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.[1]

TUNE—"*Such a parcel of Rogues in a Nation.*"

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story! so
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, runs
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day ere
That treason thus could sell us,

[1] This was written in reference to the union of Scotland with England in 1707, and in the character of one of those Scotsmen who were bitterly hostile to the measure. The terms of the treaty of union were obnoxious to a great many of the Scotch, and the notoriously corrupt manner in which the treaty was carried roused their intense indignation. For many years afterwards the people could not see the advantages of a union which deprived Scotland of all the visible symbols of power and independence. They only saw the mansions of their nobles deserted for residences in the English metropolis, and felt that the little wealth which belonged to the land was flowing south. An influx of English revenue officers overspread the country, till then but imperfectly acquainted with the rigorous laws of revenue. "Alas!" exclaims Burns in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, "have I often said to myself, what are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms '*English* Ambassador, *English* Court, &c.'" But the advantages that Scotland has reaped from the union are great and manifold, and Scottish nationality still flourishes vigorously.——The air to which the words are set in the *Museum* appears both in M'Gibbon's and Oswald's collections.

My auld grey head had lain in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll mak this declaration,
We're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

SONG—O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.[1]

TUNE—"*O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*"

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa!
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw!

[1] William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, had the chief command of the insurgent forces in the south of Scotland in 1715. He was taken at Preston, and beheaded on the 24th Feb. 1716. In the end of July, 1793, the poet, accompanied by his friend Mr. Syme, visited Kenmure Castle, near New Galloway, where he was hospitably entertained for three days by the grandson of the unfortunate nobleman. But the composition of the song had no connection with this visit. The *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland* (1883) gives the following particulars regarding Kenmure Castle:—"It stands on a high, round, isolated mount, . . . and it seems of old to have been surrounded by a fosse, supplied with water from the river Ken. Approached by a noble lime-tree avenue, and engirt by well-wooded policies and gardens, with stately beech hedges, it forms a conspicuous feature in one of the finest landscapes in the south of Scotland. The oldest portion, roofless and clad with ivy, exhibits the architecture of the thirteenth or fourteenth, but the main building appears to belong to the seventeenth century." The Gordons of Kenmure are of the same stock as the more famous Gordons of Aberdeenshire, the family having belonged originally to the south of Scotland.——The above song was manufactured from an old ditty. The tune is only a slightly varied form of that now commonly known as the "Campbells are Coming." The song appears in vol. iv. of the *Museum* (1792).

SECOND EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 7th February, 1791, Burns writes:—"By a fall not from my horse, but with my horse, I have been a cripple some time." This misfortune did not confine him long; but a similar accident befell him about the close of the following September, to which he refers in the letter in which this epistle was inclosed:—"Along with two other pieces, I enclose you a sheetful of groans, wrung from me in my elbow-chair, with one unlucky leg on a stool before me." This letter was despatched to Mr. Graham on 6th October, 1791. In a former part of this volume the bulk of this epistle (with certain variations) appears under the heading of 'The Poet's Progress."

Late crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, heark'ning to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn;
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;—
In naked feelings, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life;
'Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.
So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of Hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears;)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!—
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

SONG OF DEATH.[1]

TUNE—"*Oran an Aoig.*"

SCENE—A field of battle; time of the day—evening; the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright[2] setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands—
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest[3] with the brave?

EPISTLE TO MR. MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,[4]

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief, proof
Scarce quite half worn.—

[1] "I have," says Burns in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th Dec. 1791, "just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology. . . . The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses was—looking over, with a musical friend, M'Donald's Collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled 'Oran an Aoig,' or the Song of Death, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas."——To this air the words are united in Johnson's *Museum*, but we think the melody has nothing to recommend it except its heroically sounding title. Thomson set the words to a fine air (said to be Irish), "My Lodging is on the cold ground," and to this they are now usually sung. Thomas Campbell, no mean authority on war songs, considered this lyric as one of the most brilliant effusions of the poet. Dr. Currie calls it a "hymn worthy of the Grecian muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for genius and valour;" and says it seems to him "more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence, in a season of real and pressing danger, than any production of modern times." It was probably Burns's first poem written after removing to Dumfries, or may have been the last he wrote at Ellisland.

[2] Variation:—"broad."

[3] Variation:—"die."

[4] John Maxwell, Esq. of Terraughty and Munches, near Dumfries, was, as we gather from this address, then seventy-one years old, and though he did not get "a tack o' seven times seven" additional, he reached

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet) every
On thee a tack o' seven times seven lease
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow, wretches
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure— brimstone dust

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie, loving gentle
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe, and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, fellow
And then the deil he daur na steer ye: dare not disturb
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye; foes
For me, shame fa' me, befall
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye, next
While Burns they ca' me.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Burns sent these verses first to Clarinda, who had furnished him with a copy of a poem of her own, which Burns describes as "most beautiful, but most pathetic." On the 15th December, 1791, he again wrote to her from Dumfries:—"I have sent in the verses 'On Sensibility,' altered to

Sensibility how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell, &c.,

to the editor of the *Scots Songs*, of which you have three volumes, to set to a most beautiful air—out of compliment to the first of women, my ever-beloved, my ever-sacred Clarinda." He also sent a copy of them to Mrs. Dunlop, with the dedication, "To my dear and much honoured friend Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop." Another copy of the same verses he sent to Mrs. Stewart of Afton.

Sensibility how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

the great age of ninety-four, surviving to January, 1814. He was, says Robert Chambers, "grandson's grandson to the gallant and faithful Lord Herries, who on bended knees entreated Queen Mary to prosecute Bothwell as the murderer of her husband, and who subsequently fought for her at Langside."

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

EPIGRAM—THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.[1]

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
As cauld a priest as ever spak,
A caulder kirk, an' in't but few—
The deil tak me an I gae back!

EPIGRAM—THE TOAD-EATER.[2]

What of earls with whom you have supp'd,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Tho' it crawl on the curls of a queen.

SONG—O MAY, THY MORN.[3]

TUNE—"*O, May, thy Morn.*"

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

[1] Burns in one of his peregrinations found his way into Lamington Church, Clydesdale; the day was cold and wet, and the attendance scanty; as the congregation dismissed he whispered these lines to his companion. There are several versions of this epigram: the above seems the most characteristic, and was taken down from the lips of Burns's friend Robert Ainslie.

[2] A gentleman dining one day in company with Burns spoke of nothing but of the dukes and lords with whom he was intimate. Burns scrawled the above on a scrap of paper and handed it round the table, to the no small amusement of the company. The incident is said to have occurred at the table of Mr. Maxwell of Terraughty, to whom a poetical epistle will be found a page or two back. There are several versions of the epigram, but its merit is not so exacting as to call for their production.

[3] There is little doubt that in this song the poet commemorates his parting with Clarinda, which took place on the 6th December, 1791, the lady being soon after to proceed to Jamaica. (See notes to the next two songs.) The tune to which it is adapted in the *Museum* is, with slight alteration, what is better known as "The wee, wee German Lairdie."

And here's to them, that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum:
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen!

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O Thou in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Pow'r above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.
Amen.

SONG—AE FOND KISS.[1]

TUNE—"*Rory Dall's Port.*"

Ae fond kiss and then we sever; one
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

[1] Sir Walter Scott has said, in reference to the fourth stanza of this song, "this exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales." Byron adopted those lines as a motto to his "Bride of Abydos." Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose), there can be little doubt, was the inspirer of the song. It was sent to her, along with two other pieces, in a letter dated Dumfries, 27th December, 1791 (see succeeding

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, every
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG—GLOOMY DECEMBER.[1]

TUNE—"*Wandering Willie.*"

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;

note). Its farewell character will be understood when it is remembered that the lady was on the eve of her departure for the West Indies to join her unworthy husband. That she or the bard (now a benedick of several years' standing) was in any way "broken-hearted" over this or a former separation is not for a moment to be supposed. To be sure it was a great blow to her when their "high fantastical" love making in the winter of 1787–8 came to an end, and Burns married Jean instead of waiting till Clarinda's husband should kindly leave her a widow; but her sorrow was tempered by indignation, and no doubt it was some relief to her feelings to write him, among other severe things, that he was a "villain" and guilty of "perfidious treachery." By the time this poem was written the poet had again met her in Edinburgh and a complete reconciliation had taken place. Poor lady! fate was rather hard to her, it must be confessed. Poems addressed to Clarinda while the poet was still a bachelor (1787–88) are very ordinary productions in comparison with this and the next.——The Gaelic tune to which the song is set in the *Museum* is singularly inappropriate. *Port*, we may remark, is a term given to certain old, wild, and characteristic Highland airs, said to have been originally composed to suit the harp.

[1] Written on parting with Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose) on the 6th December, 1791 (see preceding note). The first stanza was copied into a letter (dated 27th December, 1791) to that lady, with the remark: "The rest of this song is on the wheels." The song was completed and sent to the *Museum*, it being the poet's wish that it should be set to the air "Wandering Willie;" but as that tune had appeared in a previous volume, another melody, neither pleasing nor suitable, was selected.

But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

SONG—SAE FAR AWA.[1]

TUNE—"*Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*"

O, sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa:
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

LINES ON FERGUSSON THE POET.[2]

Ill fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson,
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think Life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.

O why should truest Worth and Genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow?

[1] This song was written for the *Museum*, and appears in the fifth volume of that collection, united to what Stenhouse calls "a Scots measure or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection." The song is rather bald and stiff.

[2] "These lines," says Robert Chambers, "were inscribed on a blank leaf of a publication called *The World*, which we find the poet had ordered from Peter Hill on the 2d February, 1790." They were probably written early in 1792.

SONG—I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

TUNE—"*I do confess thou art sae fair.*"

"This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne [consort of James VI.] queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, the earliest collection printed in Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."—R. B.[1]

I do confess thou art sae fair, — so
  I wad been o'er the lugs in luve, — would (have) ears
Had I na found the slightest prayer — not
  That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
  Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
  That kisses ilka thing it meets. — every

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
  Amang its native briers sae coy:
How sune it tines its scent and hue, — soon loses
  When pu'd and worn a common toy! — plucked
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide, — such
  Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
  Like any common weed and vile.

SONG—THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.[2]

TUNE—"*The weary pund o' Tow.*"

The weary pund, the weary pund, — pound
  The weary pund o' tow;

[1] Burns has failed to convey an adequate idea of the song he has altered, and this is perhaps the only instance in which a song could be said to have derived no benefit, but rather harm from his touch. Aytoun's verses, entitled "Song to a Forsaken Mistresse," appeared in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659. We subjoin a copy of them:—

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
  And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
  That lips could speak, had power to move thee.
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
  Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
  That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands
  Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
  Her scent no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
  When thou hast handled been awhile
Like sunflowers to be thrown aside,
  And I shall sigh when some will smile:
So see thy love for more than one
Has brought thee to be loved by none.

[2] The chorus of this song is old, the rest is by Burns. We add the first stanza of the old ditty:—

I bought my maiden and my wife
  A half a pund o' tow,
And it will serve them a' their life,
  Let them spin as they dow.
I thought my tow was endit—
  It wasna weel begun!
I think my wife will end her life
  Afore the tow be spun.

The air, which, by the way, is of a fine manly vigorous stamp, appeared in Oswald's *Companion*.

I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint — stone of flax
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole, — recess in the wall
Beyont the ingle lowe, — flame of the fire
And aye she took the tither souk, — other swig
To drouk the stowrie tow. — drench dusty
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame
Gae spin your tap o' tow! — bunch
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow. — head
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; — went knoll
And or I wad anither jad, — ere I wed
I'll wallop in a tow. — struggle rope
The weary pund, &c.

SONG—SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.[1]

TUNE—"*The Eight Men of Moidart.*"

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, — dwelt
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid, — weaver
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie. — (have) stolen any person
He had a wife was dour and din, — sulky swarthy
O, tinkler Maidgie was her mither; — tinker
Sic a wife as Willie had, — such
I wad na gie a button for her. — would not give

She has an ee,—she has but ane, — eye
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, — besides
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; — would deafen

[1] Cunningham says that the subject of this song was a farmer's wife who lived near Ellisland. The first verse, however, does not bear this out; and we rather think, that no single individual sat for the portrait, which seems to be merely a grotesque exaggeration of the poet's fancy. It would be sad to think that he who lamented over Poor Maillie, a wounded hare, and a mouse, should have thus exposed some unfortunate deformed human creature to vulgar ridicule. Linkumdoddie is no doubt an imaginary locality; there is a Logan Water in Lanarkshire.

A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;— each other
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd, bandy-legged, bent-shinned[1]
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter; hand-breadth
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter: every
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther; shoulder
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits, pussy fireside
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin'; paw
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, not so tidy
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; wipes snout footless stocking[2]
Her walie nieves like midden-creels, large fists manure-baskets
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water; dirty
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

SONG—THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.[3]

TUNE—"*The Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town.*"

The Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cries, Auld Mahoun, every
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!
The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman!

[1] "A *hem-shinned* person is one whose ankles meet as hems do at the lower part."—CUTHBERTSON, *Glossary to Burns*. *Hems*, *hames*, or *haims*, it must be understood, are the bent pieces of metal or wood in the harness of a draught-horse, to which the traces are fastened and which fit on to the collar. *Heinshinn'd* is given here in some editions, a word which apparently has no real existence, having arisen from a misreading of Burns's text. Johnson's *Museum*, in which the piece first appeared, reads "hem shin'd."

[2] A stocking without a foot or without a sole, worn in lieu of a complete stocking. We believe such are not quite out of use yet, being worn among labouring people.

[3] Lockhart's account of the origin of this spirited song is briefly given in our biographical notice. Cromek, however, states that at a meeting of his fellow excisemen in Dumfries, the bard, on being called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the chairman, written on the back of a letter. The following passage in a recently discovered letter of Burns's to J. Leven, Esq., General Supervisor of Excise, Edinburgh, confirms Cromek's statement so far, though the two accounts are not necessarily inconsistent, if we suppose that the verses were only thought to be extempore:—"Mr. Mitchell mentioned to you a ballad, which I composed, and sung at one of his excise court dinners: here it is—'The Deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.'" "The original," says Stenhouse, "is written upon a slip of excise paper, ruled on the back with red lines." The ditty has a melancholy interest as being the last which Burns lived to see published in the *Museum*. The air to which the words are set in the *Museum* is to be found under the title of "The Hemp Dresser" in Playford's "Dancing Master" (1657).

"We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man."

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink, malt
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, fine
That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our land, one
Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa', &c.

SONG—THE COUNTRY LASSIE.[1]

TUNE—"*The Country Lassie.*"

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, every
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield; sheltered place
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, shed
Says,—"I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,— old age
"O guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae wooers mony ane, many a one
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale, cautiously choose
A routhie but, a routhie ben: a well-stocked room and kitchen
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; cow-house
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire." feeds

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie; fly
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, cows
He has nae love to spare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee, glance eye
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear: wot
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie would not give
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear." wealth

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught; fight
The canniest gate, the strife is sair; most cautious way sore
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best, full-handed fighting
A hungry care's an unco care: excessive

[1] This song, we are told by Stenhouse, was written on purpose for Johnson's *Museum*. The air to which it is adapted in that work is taken from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725). Henry Carey in composing the melody to "Sally in our Alley" has evidently borrowed from this tune.

But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will; — must have
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, — then
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill." — ale

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land, — ridges
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love, — pleasant
The gowd and siller canna buy: — gold and silver
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love bring peace and joy,—
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

SONG—O SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY.[1]

TUNE—"*The Collier's bonnie Dochter.*"

On the occasion and heroine of this song Burns thus wrote to Mrs. Dunlop on the 22d August, 1792:—"The heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting, and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. . . . 'Twas about nine, I think, that I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad."

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border? — went
She's gane, like Alexander, — gone
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;[2]
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee; — would
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee, — above guard
Misfortune sha'na steer thee; — shall not hurt
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

[1] This song was forwarded to Thomson in a letter dated November 8, 1792.

[2] This couplet is substantially the same as one in "Ae Fond Kiss."

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

SONG—BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.[1]

TUNE—"*The sweet lass that lo'es me.*"

O leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel, — pleased am I with
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, — clothes comfortably
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! — wraps well
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun, — low
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot, — every brooklets
And meet below my theekit cot; — thatched
The scented birk and hawthorn white — birch
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest: — cool
The sun blinks kindly in the biel', — shelter
Where blythe I turn my spinnin'-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail, — oaks
And echo cons the doolfu' tale; — sorrowful
The lintwhites in the hazel braes, — linnets slopes
Delighted, rival ither's lays; — each other's
The craik amang the claver hay, — clover
The pairtrick whirrin' o'er the ley, — partridge lea
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel, — darting swiftly cottage
Amuse me at my spinnin'-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy, — above
O wha wad leave this humble state, — would
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys, — noisy
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin'-wheel?

[1] This song was composed on purpose for the *Museum*, and appears in the fourth volume, where it is set to an air composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth book of his *Companion*.

SONG—MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

TUNE—"*The Lea-Rig.*"

This was the first song sent by Burns to George Thomson for his collection of songs and music. It was forwarded in a letter dated 26th October, 1792; but this original version was superseded by the longer and somewhat amended one here given, sent about a month later.

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
  Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo, — folding-time dear
And owsen frae the furrow'd field, — oxen from
  Return sae dowf and weary, O; — so dull
Down by the burn, where scented birks — birches
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, — grass-field
  My ain kind dearie, O! — own

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour, — darkest
  I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O, — superstitiously uneasy
If through that glen I gaed to thee, — went
  My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Along the burn to steer, my jo; — move onward (stir)
Gie me the hour of gloaming grey,
  It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O![1]

SONG—MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

TUNE—"*My Wife's a wanton wee Thing.*"

"In the air, 'My Wife's a wanton wee Thing,' if a few lines *smooth and pretty*, can be adapted to it, it is all that you can expect. The following I made extempore to it.'—BURNS to Thomson, November 8, 1792.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
  This dear wee wife o' mine.

[1] There are several MS. versions of the song, in which the following variations are given: in line 1, stanza 1, for "eastern star," "e'ening star," and "parting sun;" in line 1, stanza 2, "At midnight hour in mirkest glen;" in line 5, stanza 2, "wet" for "wild;" in line 3, stanza 3, "takes" for "seeks;" in line 4 "adown" for "along." This song was suggested by an old rustic song with a similar refrain.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her, nearest
For fear my jewel tine. gets lost
She is a winsome wee thing, &c.

The warld's wrack we share o't, world's trouble
The warstle and the care o't; struggle
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
She is a winsome wee thing, &c.

SONG—HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"*Katharine Ogie.*"

This well-known pathetic dirge heads an early letter of the Thomson Correspondence, in which the poet says: "The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around slopes
The castle o' Montgomery,[1]
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie! turbid
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk, birch
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender; full
And, pledging aft to meet again, oft
We tore oursels asunder;

[1] Castle of Montgomery is a poetical periphrasis for Coilsfield House, then the residence of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Eglinton. The mansion is about 6 miles from Ayr on the road to Mauchline, and about 1¼ from Tarbolton village. It is a handsome and well-situated mansion on the right bank of the Faile, a tributary of the Ayr. We know little, or but little, more of the final parting between Burns and Highland Mary than what he here tells us. Coilsfield owes its name to the traditional King Coil, whence also, according to the common belief, came *Coylton* and *Kyle*.

But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.[1]

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.[2]

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT [NOVEMBER 26, 1792].

"Your charms as a woman," says Burns to Miss Fontenelle in the letter inclosing the address, "would insure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would insure admiration to the plainest figure. This, madam, is not the unmeaning or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested; I pay it from the same honest impulse that the sublime of Nature excites my admiration, or her beauties give me delight. Will the foregoing lines be of any service to you in your approaching benefit night? . . . They are nearly extempore: I know they have no great merit."

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is—*protection.*
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum.*—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;

1 "There are few of his songs more beautiful, and none more impassioned."—PROF. WILSON.

2 "The bill of the night," says Robert Chambers, "announces the 'Country Girl' as the play, and that, thereafter, 'Miss Fontenelle will deliver a new Occasional Address, written by Mr. Robert Burns, called 'The Rights of Woman.''—*Dumfries Times Newspaper.*"——The Dumfries theatre was at this time under the management of Mr. Sutherland, already mentioned in this work, and was usually open each winter. Burns thought so highly of this production that he sent a copy of it to Mrs. Dunlop.

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot;
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct's neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the rights of kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! the MAJESTY OF WOMAN.

EXTEMPORE LINES

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.[1]

The following stanzas were first published in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, in December, 1792, and on the 5th of the following January Burns sent a copy of them, and of the preceding poem, "The Rights of Woman," to Graham of Fintry. They were first included in a collected edition of the poet's works by Chambers in 1856, where the editor remarks, "There can be no doubt that Burns here had in view the same affair which he had treated in so conceding a style in September of the preceding year (1791)." See p. 33.

Dost thou not rise indignant shade,
  And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life, would have
  Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae alone climbed slope
  Wi' mickle, mickle toil,
And claught th' unfading garland there— clutched
  Thy sair-won rightful spoil. hard-won

[1] Burns, we might venture to remark, was surely under some misconception as to Thomson's career. The poet of the "Seasons", who was born in 1700 and died in 1748, early found powerful friends, and is said to have made £1000 off his poems by 1729. From 1733 to 1737 he had an income of £300 as secretary of briefs to Lord Chancellor Talbot; at a subsequent period Frederick, Prince of Wales, bestowed on him a pension of £100; and in 1744 his friend Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton procured for him the situation of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands (bringing him £300 a year), the duties being performed by deputy. The last years of Thomson's life were, in fact, spent in comparative affluence, social enjoyment, and lettered ease. Thus Burns's lines are rather beside the mark.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage,
First learn to live without it.

To whom hae much, more shall be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.[1]

Sweet naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

SONG—AULD ROB MORRIS.[2]

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, dwells
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men; pick
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine, gold oxen
And ae bonnie lassie, his dautie and mine. one darling

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May:
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay:
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee. eye

But Oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird, proprietor
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yaird, garden
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed, must not
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead. death

[1] According to Robert Chambers Miss Fontenelle was "a smart and pretty little creature, who played Little Pickle in the *Spoiled Child*, and other such characters." This will explain the terms in which Burns addresses the lady in these verses.

[2] The two opening lines of the above are part of the old ballad, No. 192, in Johnson's *Museum;* the rest of the song is entirely by Burns. It and the following song, "Duncan Gray," were sent to Thomson, on the 4th December, 1792. In Thomson's collection the third line reads:

He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kyne.

In the second edition of that publication the tune is arranged as a duet by Haydn.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane; gone
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist, alone ghost
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast. would

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she'd hae smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss, describing
As now my distraction no words can express!

SONG—DUNCAN GRAY.[1]

This and the preceding song were sent by Burns to Thomson on Dec. 4th, 1792. Of the air to this song he remarks: "'Duncan Gray is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature."

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule-night when we were fou, tipsy
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, cast high
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, sidewise very disdainfully
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; made aloof
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, supplicated
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,[2]
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, both
Grat his een baith bleart and blin', wept eyes
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn; leaping waterfall
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide, sore
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die? hussy
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal, well
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

[1] "This has nothing in common with the old licentious ballad of 'Duncan Gray' but the first line and part of the third. The rest is wholly original."—CURRIE.

In Thomson's collection (2d edition) this exquisitely humorous song is so arranged that it may be sung as a solo, duet, or trio; the arrangement and accompaniment are by no less a master than Beethoven.

[2] A well-known lofty rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things! eyes spoke such
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; smothered
Now they're crouse and canty baith, brisk and cheerful both
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

A TIPPLING BALLAD,

ON THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S BREAKING UP HIS CAMP, AND THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER, NOVEMBER, 1792.

These three verses are the most quotable of the eight which form what Burns in a letter to Graham of Fintry called, "a tippling ballad which I made on the Prince of Brunswick's breaking up of his camp, and sung one convivial evening; I send it you sealed up as it is not for everybody's reading." In that important letter, dated 5th January, 1793, the poet clears himself from the charges of recklessly expressing revolutionary ideas, and of publicly showing his aversion to the British government. The second stanza is the only one of the ballad published by editors of Burns previous to 1877, when the other two saw the light in Paterson's edition, edited by W. Scott Douglas.

When Princes and Prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A' Europe had set in a lowe, a lowe, blaze
The poor man lies down
Nor envies a crown,
And comforts himself as he dow, as he dow, can
And comforts himself as he dow.

The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe, o'er howe, hollow
In the braes o' Gemappe
He fell in a trap,
E'en let him come out as he dow, dow, dow,
E'en let him come out as he dow.

* * * * * *

But truce with commotions,
And new-fangled notions,
A bumper I trust you'll allow;
Here's George our good King,
And Charlotte his queen,
And lang may they ring as they dow, dow, dow, reign
And lang may they ring as they dow.

SONG—HERE'S A HEALTH.[1]

TUNE—"*Here's a health to them that's awa.*"

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause, will not
May never guid luck be their fa'! lot
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.[2]

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Charlie,[3] the chief o' the clan
Although that his band be but sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, be lost
And wander the road to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa',
Here's a health to Tammie,[4] the Norlan laddie, Northern
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that would read,
Here's freedom to him that would write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indite. accuse

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa';
Here's Maitland and Wycombe,[5] and wha does na like 'em,
Be built in a hole o' the wa'!
Here's timmer that's red at the heart, timber
Here's fruit that is sound at the core;
May he that would turn the Buff and Blue coat
Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa';

[1] This first appeared in its complete form in the *Scots Magazine* for January, 1818, being communicated to that periodical "from a highly respectable quarter." Burns had sent the piece for publication in 1792 to a short-lived radical paper, the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, edited by Captain William Johnstone. A song with a somewhat similar burthen he had previously sent to Johnson's *Museum*. As usually printed the second line of each stanza is the same as the first; we give the reading of the *Scots Magazine*.

[2] The colours of the Whigs. The striped waistcoat, which figures so prominently in the portraits of Burns, was buff and blue.

[3] The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

[4] Lord Thomas Erskine, the celebrated Whig advocate, afterwards lord high chancellor. He was brother to the equally celebrated Scottish barrister, Henry Erskine, and both were younger sons of the Earl of Buchan.

[5] Two prominent Whig politicians of the period.

Here's chieftain M'Leod,[1] a chieftain worth gowd, gold
Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth, both
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

THE CREED OF POVERTY.[2]

Towards the end of 1792 Burns had been accused to his superiors in the excise of being disaffected to government, a charge which he himself says "malice and misrepresentation have brought against me." In a letter to Mr. Erskine of Mar, dated 13th April, 1793, he says, "One of our superiors-general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to enquire on the spot, into my conduct, and to document me, —'that *my* business was to *act*, not to think; and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be silent and obedient.'"

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind,—be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

SONG—O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.[3]

TUNE—"*I had a horse.*"

O poortith cauld and restless love, poverty
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have, such
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love, so
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;— rest

[1] Macleod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, chief of the clan, and member of parliament for Inverness-shire, a thorough-going Whig.

[2] According to Burns's friend Ainslie these lines were originally written on the envelope of the excise reprimand mentioned in the head-note. This may be so; they were also written with the poet's diamond on one of the window-panes of the Globe Inn, Dumfries.

[3] Jean Lorimer, the poet's celebrated "Chloris," of whom we elsewhere give an account, was the inspirer of these verses. "I have been informed," says Chambers, "that Burns wrote this song in consequence of hearing a gentleman (now a respectable citizen of Edinburgh) sing the old homely ditty, which gives name to the tune, with an effect, which made him regret that such pathetic music should be united to such unsentimental poetry. The meeting, I have been further informed, where this circumstance took place, was held in the poet's favourite tavern, *Johnnie Dowie's*, in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh; and there, at a subsequent meeting, the new song was also sung for the first time, by the same individual."——The tune is twice printed in Thomson's collection, the first arrangement being by Kozeluch; the second with symphonies and accompaniments for piano, flute, violin, and violoncello, by Weber.

Different versions of the song have the following readings: stanza 2, line 3, "Fie, fie," for "O fie;" stanza 5, line 1, "humble" for "simple;" line 2, "simple" for "artless;" line 4, "Did" for "Can."

O fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray — eyes so
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye, — theme
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him? — such
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am? — so
O why, &c.

How blest the simple cotter's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state, — hobgoblins
Can never make them eerie. — afraid
O why, &c.

SONG—GALA WATER.[1]

TUNE—"*Gala Water*"

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, — handsome slopes
They rove amang the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, — groves
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane, — one
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better; — above
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird, — proprietor
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher; — have not a large dowry
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water. — watch

[1] There are two or three old songs extant known to have been wedded to the melody of "Gala Water;" three are given in Chambers's *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, and one of those had been sent by our poet to Johnson's *Museum*. The above lyric has completely superseded all the older ones. Two various readings occur in the first stanza: "There's braw" for "Braw," and "That wander thro'" for "They rove amang."——Connected with the tune Stenhouse has the note:—"On the MSS. of music which I have seen, the Doctor [Haydn] expressed his opinion of the melody in the best English he was master of, in the following short but emphatic sentence:—'This one Dr. Haydn favourite song.'"——The elegant melodiousness of the tune is quite in Haydn's own manner, and could hardly be surpassed by even that *maestro* himself. The musical arrangement in Thomson's collection is by Pleyel.——The Gala Water is a tributary of the Tweed, which it joins about four miles above Melrose, near Galashiels.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure: bought
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

"I made the following Sonnet the other day, which has been so lucky as to obtain the approbation of no ordinary judge—our friend Syme."—BURNS TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, 20th Feb. 1793.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,—
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

BALLAD—LORD GREGORY.[1]

"The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work. His 'Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it."—BURNS TO THOMSON, January 26th, 1793.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, dark
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r, woeful
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

[1] Thomson had employed Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar") to write English verses to the old air "Lord Gregory," and sent a copy of them to Burns, who thereupon wrote the above as a Scottish version. That the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the "Lord Gregory" of Burns with that of Peter Pindar, we subjoin Dr. Wolcot's stanzas:—

Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

Who comes with woe at this drear night—
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.

Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn,
That once was priz'd by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

But should'st thou not poor Marian know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow
Far kinder than thy heart.

An exile frae her father's ha', from hall
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw, show
If love it may not be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove, rememberest
By bonnie Irwine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine; would
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true, so
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me![1]

SONG—WANDERING WILLIE.[2]

[FIRST VERSION.]

This song, along with the next, was sent to George Thomson in March, 1793. Of the three versions here given the last is the one that appeared in that gentleman's collection.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame! hold
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie, one
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my ee: eye
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows, roll
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. once more
But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it, believe
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain! own

[1] The following various readings occur: stanza 1, line 6, "sake o' thee" for "loving thee;" stanza 3, line 3, "bolt" for "dart;" line 4, "bring" for "give."

[2] A song, preserved by Herd, seems to have been present to the mind of Burns when he wrote these verses. He has, however, thrown around it a

WANDERING WILLIE.

[SECOND VERSION.]

AS ALTERED BY MR. ERSKINE AND MR. THOMSON.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
  Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame; hold
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie, own
  Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
  Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee, eye
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
  As simmer to nature, so Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,
  How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Blow soft, ye breezes! roll gently, ye billows!
  And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. once more
But oh, if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie, remembers not
  Flow still between us, thou dark-heaving main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
  While dying I think that my Willie's my ain. own

WANDERING WILLIE.

[THIRD VERSION.]

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
  Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame; hold
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie, own
  Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
  Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee; eye
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
  The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

pathos which will be sought for in vain in the old song:—

Here awa, there awa, haud awa, Willie
  Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
  Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
  Thro' the lang muir I have followed him hame
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
  Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, haud awa, Willie,
  Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
  Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

In reply to the poet's letter containing the first version, Thomson wrote: "Your 'Here awa Willie must undergo some alterations to suit the air. Mr. Erskine and I have been conning it over; he will suggest what is necessary to make them a fit match." The result of the "conning" was the second version. Some of the alterations therein were adopted by Burns, and others rejected, as may be seen from the last version. The air the song is set to in Thomson's book is arranged by Pleyel in four sections, each representing a line of the poetry. As commonly sung, the melody is now made to fit an eight-line stanza, by some of the sections being slightly altered and repeated.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows, waken roll
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. once more
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie, remembers not
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it, believe
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain. own

SONG—OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

This song was sent by Burns—along with "Wandering Willie"—to George Thomson in March, 1793. It was an older song altered, and the poet himself remarks "I do not know whether this song be really mended."

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh![1]
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh![2]

[1] In the original version sent to Thomson in March, 1793, the second line reads:

If love it may not be, Oh.

Seeing, however, that the same thought had been expressed in his recent song "Lord Gregory:"

At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may not be,

it was deemed advisable to make the alteration. The poet had already given form to this sentiment in "Mary Morison:"

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown.

Thomson gives the song entirely an English dress: "cold" for "cauld," "more" for "mair," &c. We follow Currie's version.

[2] How much of this song may be Burns's we have now no means of determining. With reference to its sentiment Carlyle says: "It is needless to multiply examples [of his graphic power and clearness of sight]. One trait of the finest sort we select from multitudes of such among his songs. It gives in a single line to the saddest feeling, the saddest environment and local habitation:

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, Oh!

SONG—YOUNG JESSIE.[1]

TUNE—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"[2]

"I send you a song on a celebrated fashionable toast in this country, to suit 'Bonnie Dundee.'"—BURNS TO THOMSON, April, 1793.

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!—
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

SONG—MEG O' THE MILL.[3]

TUNE—"*O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack.*"

This song was sent to Thomson in April, 1793. That gentleman did not approve of it, and wanted something else. Burns, however, wrote him: "My song, 'Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,' pleases myself so much, that I cannot try my hand at another song to the air."

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten? know
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller, fool lump of money
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl; land-owner peevish,
She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl. [blear-eyed dwarf

[1] The heroine of this song was Jessie or Janet Staig, second daughter of the provost of Dumfries. She afterwards married Major William Miller, a son of Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, the landlord of Burns while at Ellisland. She died in 1801 at the untimely age of twenty-six.

[2] The tune "Bonnie Dundee" here indicated is that to which the song "Mary of Castlecary" is now usually sung, not the dashing melody set to Sir Walter Scott's song "The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

[3] Burns had already supplied a version of this song for Johnson's *Museum*, in the sixth volume of which it appeared with the note, "Written for this work by Robert Burns." In Stenhouse's notes to that collection, however, it is spoken of as a "humorous old song retouched by Burns." As the humour is rather coarse, and the signs of the poet's masterhand are scarcely perceptible, we do not print it. Even the above much toned-down version was not admitted into Thomson's collection.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving; offered true
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing; woe money
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen farm
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle, dowry
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'! world

BALLAD—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"*The Mill, Mill, O.*"

"Burns, I have been informed," wrote a clergyman of Dumfriesshire in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, "was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill [in Dumfriesshire], with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window: of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures: after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region, where he had his 'garland and singing-robes about him,' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O.'"

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;[1]
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast, faithful
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon[2] the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,[3]
Where Nancy aft I courted: oft

[1] As originally printed in Thomson's work these two lines stood

And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning.

The alteration was the work of Mr. Thomson himself; it cannot be commended, nor would Burns consent to it. "I cannot," he says, "alter the disputed lines in 'the Mill, Mill, O:' what you think a defect, I esteem a positive beauty."

[2] Variation:—"And aye I mind't."

[3] "The scene depicted in the song was in all respects real, though the incidents associated with it by the poet were imaginary. At a point on the road from Ayr to Ochiltree, four or five miles from the former place, the traveller has only to turn off about a mile along a parish road to the right, in order to find himself at the spot where the soldier is described as meeting his still faithful mistress. Coylton Kirk and Kirkton are first passed, and then, about half a mile

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, — own
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling. — eyes

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, — so
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed, — once
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne, pale like ony lily,[1] — then
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?" — own
"By him that made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love 's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, — wordly means
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted." — more, we shall
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd, — gold
A mailen plenish'd fairly; — farm stocked
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

further up the little vale, we reach the trysting thorn and mill—a scene of simple and by no means striking elements, yet pleasing, and a type to recall many other Scottish burnsides and mill sites—'fit scenes,' as Wordsworth has it,

——for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in.

A verdant, gowan-besprent holm, through which the burn finds a crooked way—"twa verdant braes," as Ramsay has it, forming the basin of the glen—the old mill under the shoulder of one of these braes—a few elms and hedgerows, a few scattered cots, and the heathy mountains behind, from which the stream descends—such are the component parts of this and a thousand other such spots in Lowland Scotland—how dearly treasured in the remembrance of many a manly heart all over the world! The mill, in the present case, bears the title of Mill Monach, or Mill Mannoch—the *Monk's Mill*—a circumstance which shows not only its being of at least as old date as the Reformation, but that it has existed since the early days when Gaelic was the language of the district."—*Land of Burns.*

[1] Variation:—"Syne wallow't [paled] like a lily."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.[1]

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gie God thanks!
For shame! gie o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[MISS KENNEDY, SISTER-IN-LAW OF GAVIN HAMILTON.]

Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things which were.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.[2]

Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt;
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

[1] "The ballad is a very beautiful one, and throughout how true to nature!"—PROF. WILSON.

[2] "At this period of our poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, some foolish verses were circulated containing an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the 'Loyal Natives' of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting: he instantly indorsed the above reply."—CROMEK.——The verses are beneath contempt:

> Ye sons of Sedition, give ear to my song,
> Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
> With Cracken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
> Send Willie, the monger, to hell with a smack.

This "Loyal Native Club" was formed on 18th January, 1793, for the ambitiously expressed purpose of "supporting the Laws and Constitution of the country."

THE TOAST.[1]

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heaven, that we found!
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with politics, not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

LINES[2]

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN, DUMFRIES

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlords' rent rolls? taxing ledgers:
What premiers? what even monarchs? mighty gaugers.
Nay what are priests? those seeming godly wise-men;
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay folly to live;
I grant him his cold-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But folly has raptures to give.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.[3]

The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by and by;
Or else the Deil's be in it.

[1] At a dinner given by the Dumfries volunteers, for the purpose of commemorating the anniversary of Rodney's victory of April 12, 1782, Burns was called on for a song. He replied by reciting the above lines. It is supposed with much probability that this particular anniversary was that of 1793.

[2] Burns one day overheard a country gentleman talking slightingly of excisemen. His feelings sought vent in rhyme. He took out his diamond, and scrawled the above on the window.

[3] The above "Answer to an Invitation" was written extempore on a leaf taken from Burns's excise-book.

SONG—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.[1]

The last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
I fain my crime would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Maria, hear my prayer,
For Pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fear no more had sav'd me:
The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors yields at last
To overwhelming ruin.

SONG—BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

TUNE—"*Liggeram Cosh.*"

"You know Fraser, the hautboy-player in Edinburgh. . . . Among many of his airs that please me, there is one well known as a reel by the name of the 'Quaker's Wife,' and which I remember a grand-aunt of mine used to sing by the name of 'Liggeram Cosh my bonnie wee lass.' Mr. Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I got such an enthusiast in it, that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin, and inclose Fraser's set of the tune. . . . I think the song is not in my worst manner."—BURNS TO THOMSON, June, 1793.——The heroine is of course Miss Lesley Baillie. See note to "O saw ye Bonnie Lesley."

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;

[1] It is to be hoped that the poet in the above over-strained and artificial stanzas sought to express an equally overstrained and artificial passion; for the "Maria" is the wife of his frequently too genial host and neighbour, Walter Riddell. Thomson seems never to have alluded to this song, and Burns on two occasions, in July and November, 1794, sent him a second version of it, beginning "Farewell, thou stream that winding flows." "Maria" was changed to "Eliza," Mrs. Riddell and the poet being now estranged.

In the first version the following variations occur:—
Stanza first, lines 5 and 6:

Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish.

Stanza second, lines 1, 2, and 3.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover;
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh.

Line 7, "one" for "my;" stanza 3, line 8, "in" for "to."

Careless ilka thought and free, — every
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae langer sport and play, — no longer
Mirth or sang can please me;
LESLEY is sae fair and coy, — so
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r, — can do — stare
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws — will not — throes
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling. — must

SONG—LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—"*Logan Water.*"

Burns, writing to Thomson on 25th June, 1793, says:—"Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some Public Destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress—the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's lucubrations in my elbow-chair ought to have some merit."

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, — since then
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, — turbid
While my dear lad maun face his faes, — must — foes
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.[1] — from — slopes

[1] These two lines are taken from a beautiful song by John Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun." Mayne's song, which is popular all over Scotland, and seems to have suggested Burns's verses, first appeared in the *Star* (London) newspaper of May 23, 1789, and, we believe, consisted of the two stanzas given below. Four additional stanzas were tagged to it in the *Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs* (Glasgow, 1816), but they are probably by a different author.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep, — run so
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep:
I've herded sheep, and gathered slaes, — sloes
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes. — slopes
But, wae's my heart! thae days are gane, — woe is — those
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes, — must — foes
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he — no more
Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk, — dark
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk. — escort
I weel may sing, thae days are gane,
Frae kirk and fair I come alane:
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

John Mayne was a native of Dumfries, but spent his early life in Glasgow, where he learned the trade of printer under the celebrated Foulis. He afterwards removed to London, and became printer and part proprietor of the *Star* daily newspaper. He died at an advanced age, in March, 1836.—The Logan of the song is probably the stream of that name in Lanarkshire, the waters of which are carried to the Clyde by means of the Nethan.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state, woe
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return! so
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?[1]
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

BALLAD—BONNIE JEAN.[2]

"I have just finished the following ballad, and as I do think it in my best style I send it to you. You had the tune, with a verse or two of the song from me a while ago. Mr. Clarke, who wrote down the air from Mrs. Burns's *wood-note wild*, is very fond of it, and has given it a celebrity by teaching it to some young ladies of fashion here. If you do not like the air enough to give it a place in your collection, please return me the music."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 2d July, 1793.—— Thomson, it seems, did not like the air enough, and it was over twenty years after the poet's death before he included the ballad in his collection, where it is set to the inappropriate tune of "Willie was a Wanton Wag," the melody communicated by Burns being thus lost.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,[3]
And aye she sang sae merrilie: so
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

[1] Original MS.

Ye mind na' mid your cruel joys,
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries.

[2] "Bonnie Jean" was the eldest daughter of John M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, and friend of Burns. Burns sent the poem along with a complimentary letter to the young lady in July, 1793. See note on p. 25.

[3] Variation: "country wark."

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; linnet's
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad, handsomest
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, oxen cows
And wanton naigies nine or ten. nags

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, went market
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown. lost stolen

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be, ailment
Or what wad mak her weel again. would make

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light, leap
And did na joy blink in her ee, glance eye
As Robie tauld a tale o' love told
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea? one

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; every
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? tend

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, cow-house
Or naething else to trouble thee;[1]
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me." tend

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na: no
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

[1] Variation:—

Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
In barn or byre to trouble thee.

VERSES ON JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.[1]

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
O, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

Lord, we thank an' thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop[2] give the spirit!

EPIGRAM ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

When he composed this and the three following epigrams, in the summer of 1793, Burns was going to Saint Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, in company with his friend Mr. Syme, who tells us that at the time he was sadly out of humour. "Nothing could reinstate him in temper. I tried various experiments, and at last hit on one that succeeded. I showed him the house of Garlieston across the Bay of Wigton. Against the Earl of Galloway, with whom he was offended, he expectorated his spleen and regained a most agreeable temper."

What dost thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit, Galloway, and find remove
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

[1] We have elsewhere spoken of this gentleman, whose daughter was the subject of the preceding ballad.

[2] William Hyslop was "mine host" of the *Globe*, Dumfries, a favourite house of call with Burns after he went to Nithsdale.

ON THE SAME.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.[1]

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG, NAMED ECHO.

Composed in the summer of 1793 during a visit to Kenmure, in Galloway, the seat of the Gordons of Kenmure. Mr. Syme tells us: "Mrs. Gordon's lap-dog, *Echo*, was dead. She would have an epitaph for him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to the distaff. He disliked the subject; but, to please the lady, he would try. Here is what he produced." It is quite good enough for the occasion.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore,
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys!
Now half your din of tuneless song
With Echo silent lies.

EPIGRAM ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN.[2]

Composed during the same journey as the preceding. Syme tells us: "He was in a most epigrammatic humour indeed. . . . There is one Morine whom he does not love. He had a passing blow at him."

When Morine, deceased, to the devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown:
"Thy fool's head," quoth Satan, "that crown shall wear never;
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever."

[1] Referring to the above four versicles Chambers justly remarks: "These epigrams launched at this respectable nobleman have no other effect than to make moderate-minded men lament their author's own subordination of judgment to spleen." As to the "vengeance" in the last epigram, it simply originated from a suggestion of Syme that the Earl of Galloway might resent such pasquinades if made public.

[2] The subject of this epigram seems to have been the gentleman who purchased Ellisland (which was separated by the Nith from the rest of the estate) from Mr. Miller when Burns left it. We know not why the poet should have attacked him

SONG—PHILLIS THE FAIR.[1]

TUNE—"*Robin Adair.*

In sending this to Thomson in August, 1793, Burns wrote: "I likewise tried my hand on 'Robin Adair,' and you will probably think with little success; but it is such a —— cramp out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it." The next song was another attempt to fit words to the same air.

While larks with little wing fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring, forth I did fare;
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry, Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song, glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among, chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say, Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk, doves cooing were:
I marked the cruel hawk caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny!
He who would injure thee, Phillis the fair.

SONG—HAD I A CAVE.[2]

TUNE—"*Robin Adair.*"

Burns in sending this piece to Thomson wrote: "That crinkum-crankum tune 'Robin Adair' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt [see preceding song], that I have ventured, in this morning's walk, one essay more. You, my dear sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice, as follows:"

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my last repose,
Till grief my eyes should close, ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows—fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try what peace is there!

[1] A tribute to Miss Phillis or Philadelphia M'Murdo (sister of the "Bonnie Jean" of the last preceding ballad—see note), written at the request of Burns's friend Stephen Clarke, musician. She was one of his pupils, and he entertained a *penchant* for her. She afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath, and died September 5th, 1825.

[2] The "falsest of womankind" in the second stanza was Anne Stewart, afterwards Mrs. Dewar, who jilted the poet's friend Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, thus keenly wounding the latter's feelings. Special information regarding Cunningham's love disappointment is given further on, in note to song beginning "Now spring has clad."

SONG—BY ALLAN STREAM.

TUNE—"*Allan Water.*'

"I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when turning up 'Allan Water,' . . . it appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it is not in my worst style."—BURNS TO THOMSON, August, 1793.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;[1]
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures many;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
"O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie![2]

"O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie; hobgoblin fear-inspiring
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever."[3]

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae, slope
The simmer joy's the flocks to follow:
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

SONG—O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU.[4]

TUNE—"*O Whistle and I'll come to you.*"

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

[1] The Allan is a winding stream of Perth and Stirlingshires, which enters the Forth near Bridge of Allan, after a course of 20 miles. Benledi is a mountain of Perthshire nearly 3000 feet high.

[2] Or, "O my love Annie's very bonnie."—R. B.

[3] We are not quite sure where the quotation marks in this piece should be placed.

[4] This was sent to Thomson in August, 1793. It is highly probable that Jean Lorimer was the inspirer of this arch lyric, as we find the poet subsequently instructing Thomson to alter the last line of the chorus to: "Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad;" though he latterly cancelled this alteration, the reign of Chloris being over.

But warily tent, when you come to court me, watch
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; back-gate ajar
Syne up the back-stile and let naebody see, then
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though ye car'd na a flie; fly
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee, eye
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And *whiles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee; sometimes make light of
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me, from
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

SONG—ADOWN WINDING NITH.[1]

TUNE—"*The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.*"[2]

Burns writes to Thomson in August, 1793:—"Another favourite air of mine is 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.' When sung slow with expression, I have wished that it had better poetry: that I have endeavoured to supply as follows:"—

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties
They never wi' her can compare,
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is simplicity's child.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:

[1] Phillis is Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo: see note to "Phillis the Fair," p. 77. Some of the expressions and ideas in this song, as regards the various flowers associated with the fair one whose charms are celebrated, slightly resemble what may be found in the "Posie."

[2] To this tune Burns wrote another, and more popular, ditty, "Tam Glen."

How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

SONG—COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

TUNE—"*Cauld Kail.*"

"That tune, 'Cauld Kail,' is such a favourite of yours that I once more roved out yester evening for a gloamin shot at the Muses; when the Muse that presides o'er the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspiring dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following. . . . The last stanza of this song I send you, is the very words that Coila taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots Reel in Johnson's *Museum*."[1]—BURNS TO THOMSON, [28th] August, 1793.

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share, no more
Than sic a moment's pleasure: such
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue, eyes, so
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

[1] The song referred to is "Bonnie Peggy Alison," one of the poet's very earliest productions, which will be found in vol. i. p. 13. The "Jeanie" of the present song is, no doubt, Jean Lorimer, the inspirer of a number of the poet's effusions, but she is thus only entitled to half the honours of heroineship.

SONG—THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—"*Fee him, Father.*"[1]

"I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which 'Patie Allan's mither dee'd—that was about the back o' midnight,' and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the *Hautbois* [Fraser, the hautbois-player] and the Muse."—BURNS TO THOMSON.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,—
I maun see thee never, Jamie, (must)
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo, (sweetheart)
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.

SONG—DAINTY DAVIE.[2]

TUNE—"*Dainty Davie.*"

"I have been looking over another and a better song of mine in the *Museum*, which I have altered as follows, and which, I am persuaded, will please you. The words 'Dainty Davie' glide so sweetly in the air, that to a Scots ear, any song to it, without Davie being the hero, would have a lame effect."—BURNS TO THOMSON, August, 1793.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

[1] "It is surprising," justly observes Chambers, "that Burns should have thought it necessary to substitute new verses for the old song to this air, which is one of the most exquisite effusions of genuine natural sentiment in the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry. Its merit is now fully appreciated, while Burns's substitute song is scarcely ever sung." Still, as will be seen, the poet does not claim any merit for his verses.

[2] The song of which this is an alteration, but which has no chorus, will be found in vol. ii. p. 152, beginning,

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers.

"Dainty Davie" is the name of a humorous old song, from which Burns has borrowed nothing save the title and the measure. It is said to relate the adventure of the Rev. David Williamson, a preacher of the days of the Covenant, who, being pursued by Dal-

Meet me on the warlock knowe, knoll
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie. own

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me on, &c.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.[1]

TUNE—"*Hey, tuttie taitie.*"

"I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether 'Hey, tuttie taitie' may rank among this number, but well I know that, with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots Ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 1st September, 1793.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

zell's dragoons, and seeking refuge in the house of the laird of Cherrytrees, the lady of the house put him into a bed beside her daughter, to hide him from his pursuers.—"Dainty" in Scotland often means likeable, agreeable, pleasant and good-natured, as here.

[1] Burns sent this noble ode to George Thomson on the 1st September, 1793, with the above account of its origin. Thomson and several of his musical friends held the tune in slight esteem, and wished the song altered so as to sing to "Lewie Gordon," which they considered a more manly tune. Burns sacrificed his better judgment on this occasion, owing to Thomson's persistency, and pieced out the last line of each stanza thus:—

1. Or to glorious victorie!
2. Edward! Chains and Slavery!
3. Traitor! Coward! Turn and flee!
4. Sodger! Hero! On wi' me! later, "Caledonian! on wi' me!" A variation in the shorter form of this line is "Let him on wi' me!"
5. But they shall be—shall be free!
6. Forward! let us do or die!

As to the tunes—"Lewie Gordon" is a very tame production indeed, whereas "Hey, tuttie taitie,"

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do, or die!

SONG—O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.[1]

TUNE—"*O let me in this ae night.*'

"O lassie art thou sleepin' yet,
Or art thou wauken I wad wit? awake would know
For love has bound me hand and fit, foot
And I would fain be in, jo. dear
O let me in this ae night, one
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo.

notwithstanding its simplicity, has a roll of dignity and force about it which peculiarly suits it to the words. Again the insertion of the expletives in the last lines in each verse appears insufferable, and, in one or two cases, ludicrous. In a few years afterwards Thomson confessed that he had made a mistake, and in subsequent editions printed it as Burns at first wished.

What appears to be the poet's first draft of the ode, formerly in the possession of Frederick Locker (-Lampson), Esq., author of *London Lyrics*, gives the following readings: Stanza 2, lines 3 and 4:—

Sharply maun we bide the stoure— must onset
Either they or we.

Stanza 5:—

Do you hear your children cry—
"Were we born in chains to lie?"
No! come Death or Liberty!
Yes, they shall be free!

The ode was first published in a London paper, *The Morning Chronicle*, in May, 1794.

[1] This is the title of an old song which Burns altered and sent to Thomson in August, 1793. The altered version was unsatisfactory, and has not been considered worthy of publication. The above effort also did not please its author, and he took up the theme a third time, sending the result in a song (including a lengthy answer by the "lassie") to Thomson in February, 1795.

"Tho' never durst my tongue reveal,
Lang, lang my heart to thee's been leal, true
O lassie, dear, ae last fareweel,
For pity's cause alane, jo. alone
O let me in, &c.

"O wyte na me until thou prove blame not
The fatal force o' mighty love,
Then should on me thy fancy rove,
Count my care by thy ain, jo. own
O let me in," &c.

O pity's aye to woman dear— always
She heav'd a sigh, she drapt a tear: dropped
"'Twas love for me that brought him here:
Sae how can I complain, jo?
Then come your ways this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O come your ways this ae night,
But ye maunna do 't again, jo." must not

SONG—FAIR JENNY.[1]

TUNE—"*Saw ye my Father.*"[2]

In a letter to Thomson Burns remarks: "'Saw ye my Father?' is one of my greatest favourites. The evening before last I wandered out, and began a tender song in what I think is its native style. . . . I have sprinkled it with the Scots dialect, but it may be easily turned into English." The letter contained the first four verses, substantially the same as here, except for the "sprinkling" of Scotch. In a later letter he sent the present version with the remark: "I have finished my song . . . and in English, as you will see."

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming around the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,

[1] Jean Lorimer.

[2] The old song, which gives the name to this tune, has not been superseded by Burns's lyric, even although it does relate an adventure of nocturnal courtship. The sprinkling of Scotch words in the first version of this consisted of—"sang" for "song," "amang" for "among," "nae mair" for "no more," and the like.

All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

SONG—LOVELY NANCY.[1]

TUNE—"*Quaker's Wife.*"

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

This graceful impromptu was one of the poetic compliments inspired by the fascinating mistress of Woodley Park—Mrs. Maria Riddell. At the following Christmas the poet gave the lady dire cause of offence, and their intercourse was thus broken off for some time. See note to "Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice."

Old Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;

[1] It has been said, on no certain authority, however, that Clarinda was the subject of this song, which the poet sent to Thomson in October, 1793. He had previously sent him, written for the same air, the song "Blythe hae I been on yon hill," which will be found at p. 71.

My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me;"
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

SONG—MY SPOUSE NANCY.

TUNE—"*My Jo Janet.*"

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."
"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good bye, allegiance!"
"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I am near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think, how you will bear it."
"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."
"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.[1]

A copy of this address was sent by Burns to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, in December, 1793. In his letter he says:—"We have had a brilliant theatre here this season; only, as all other business has, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—want of cash. I mention our theatre merely to lug in an occasional 'Address,' which I wrote for the benefit-night of one of the actresses, which is as follows:"

Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slily hinted.

"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears?
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it:
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

[1] The first address written for Miss Fontenelle was spoken by her on her benefit-night, November 26, 1792 (see p. 54). This second address, first published by Dr. Currie, from a copy communicated in a letter from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, was by him assigned to December, 1795. The date 1795, however, conflicts with known facts in the poet's life, and with legitimate inferences from the letter itself, as is clearly shown by Mr. William Scott Douglas. In the letter accompanying the address Burns had written:—"These four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest child, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence." Now at Christmas, 1795, his "youngest child" was James Glencairn Burns, for the little girl had by this time died, and hence in a letter of 31st January, 1796, Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop, "the autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child." So that, if Currie's dating of the letter containing the Fontenelle Address be admitted, Burns was at Christmas talking of the illness of a daughter who had died some time before. And further, in this same letter assigned by Currie to Christmas, 1795, he writes:—"I *am* writing them out (copies of his letters, &c.) in a bound MS. for my friend's library"—undoubtedly for Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, who died in April, 1794. The only date that will suit is certainly December, 1793.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise:
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

SONG—WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?[1]

TUNE—"*The Sutor's Dochter.*"

Dr. Currie gives this song as if it had been transcribed for Thomson in December, 1793; but the first direct allusion we find to it is in a letter to Cunningham, of 3d March, 1794, in which the poet remarks:—"Do you know the much admired old Highland air called 'The Sutor's Dochter?' It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it you, set as I think it should be, and as it was sung with great applause in many fashionable groups by Major Robertson of Lude, who was here with his corps."

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain, own

[1] The music to which the words are set is the first part of a strathspey, in Bremner's *Collection of Reels* (1764).——Allan Cunningham says:—"This song was said to have been composed in honour of the charms of Janet Miller of Dalswinton, . . . at that time one of the loveliest women in all the south of Scotland." A holograph copy, produced by Professor Traill on the occasion of the poet's centenary celebration, however, seems to suggest that Jean Lorimer was the heroine. The closing stanza runs:—

If it winna, canna be
That thou for thine may chuse me,
Let me, Jeanie, quickly die
Still trusting that thou lo'es me, &c.

Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be, will not, cannot
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.[1]

LINES, SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.[2]

The friend, whom, wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray)—
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

SONG—AMANG THE TREES.[3]

TUNE—"*The king of France, he rade a Race.*"

Amang the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O, hanging
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, bass (of bagpipes)
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O, rattled them off
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeals,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O. knocked topsy-turvy

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, crows
They made our lugs grow eerie, O; ears uneasy
The hungry bike did scrape and pike, band pick
Till we were wae and weary, O; sad

[1] "Nothing can be more exquisitely tender—passionless from the excess of passion—pure from very despair—love yet hopes for love's confession, though it feels it can be but a word of pity to sweeten death."—PROF. WILSON.

[2] There can be little doubt that the gentleman was Mr. Riddell of Woodley Park, in whose house, when excited with liquor, which he had imbibed to an extent more than was prudent, the poet had been guilty of some impropriety. The breach thus opened was never completely closed, and was the cause, as will presently appear, of the poet's writing some exceedingly severe things both on the gentleman and his charming and talented wife.

[3] This was written in derision of Italian singers and musicians, who were supplanting the native melodies of the country. The allusion in the last verse is to Neil Gow, who is supposed to be inspired with the spirit of James I., the royal poet and musician, and for eighteen years prisoner of England. Burns was introduced to Neil Gow during his northern tour in 1787. The song first appeared in Cromek's *Reliques*.

But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cas'd — ghost
A prisoner aughteen year awa, — eighteen
He fir'd a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O. — knocked topsy-turvy

A VISION.[1]

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air, — wall-flower
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, — walls
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's. — falls

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din; — unearthly
Athort the lift they start and shift, — athwart the sky
Like fortune's favours, tint as win. — lost as won

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, — ghost
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane, — stone
His darin' look had daunted me:
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow, — from such
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;

[1] The first version of this poem, written early in 1794, appeared in Johnson's *Museum*, 1796, set to a wretchedly monotonous tune called "Cumnock Psalms," and with a chorus—

A lassie all alone, was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', an' our honour's gane and a',
An' broken-hearted we maun die.

The version given in the text is Currie's. In the first version the chief variations are "tod" for "fox" in stanza second; "wa'," and "Whose roarings seem'd to rise and fa'," in stanza third; "blae" for "blue" in stanza fourth; while stanza fifth runs:

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

The sixth stanza of our text is not in the *Museum* at all. By "yon roofless tower" are meant the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, situated in the angle between the junction of the Cluden and the Nith. This was a favourite haunt of the poet at this period of his life.

But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play, no
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.[1] will not

SONG—HERE IS THE GLEN.

TUNE—"*Banks of Cree.*"[2]

This song was forwarded to Thomson in June, 1794. Burns says: "I know you value a composition, because it is made by one of the great ones, as little as I do. However, I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron, of Heron, which she calls the 'Banks of Cree.' Cree is a beautiful romantic stream, and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it."

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,—
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

[1] The last verse of this beautiful poem may seem a most unfortunate one. Indeed, it might be difficult to point out a stronger instance of the bathos, or art of sinking, than in the two last lines of this otherwise admirable poem. Perhaps, however, as suggested by Robert Chambers, Burns was afraid to give more than a hint of "his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era." This was the time when we were at war with the French Republic, the fortunes of which the poet followed with sympathetic interest. Currie says: "Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of 'Libertie,' perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."

[2] Thomson did not set this song to the air the poet wished to have wedded to it. Instead he set it, with no great feeling of congruity, to the "Flowers of Edinburgh." "Maria" is, of course, Maria Riddell of Woodley Park.

SONG—YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.[1]

TUNE—"*The Carlin o' the Glen.*"

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain; so
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless god of love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves
He sad complaining dowie raves:— mournful

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear:
The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; suffer
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!" more

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

This monody, like several pieces next in order, was written some little time after the poet's quarrel with Mrs. Riddell of Woodley Park, the wife of Walter Riddell, brother of Robert Riddell of Friars' Carse, the poet's Ellisland friend and neighbour. The last letter from Burns to Clarinda which has been preserved, written about the end of June, 1794, contains the following passage:—"Tell me what you think of the following monody: the subject . . . is a woman of fashion in this country, with whom at one period I was well acquainted. By some scandalous conduct to me, and two or three other gentlemen here as well as me, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of several ill-natured things."

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

[1] This song was sent by Burns to the *Museum*, in the fifth volume of which it appears, but it is not there assigned to him. Stenhouse remarks: "This beautiful song is another unclaimed production of Burns." There is room for doubt as to whether it is wholly his.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;[1]
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.[2]

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

This most unchivalrous production, which it is said Burns had the grace afterwards to regret, expresses the bitterness which he felt at the time towards the accomplished Maria Riddell, and which he doubtless believed to be justified. See preceding piece with attached notes.——"Esopus," or Williamson, the head of a dramatic company which occasionally performed in the Dumfries theatre, had been patronized by Mrs. Riddell, and even admitted to the hospitalities of Woodley Park. Before the date of this epistle Williamson and his company, while performing at Whitehaven, had been committed to prison as vagrants by the "bad Earl of Lonsdale." This appeared to Burns too good an opportunity to miss—of venting his spleen at once on the universally-detested Cumberland magnate, and on Maria Riddell, by having her addressed from a "frowsy cell," by the Thespian on whom she had once smiled.

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;[3]
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;

[1] "N. B.—The lady affects to be a poetess."—R. B.

[2] The breach between the poet and the two families Riddell has been referred to on a previous page. What led to it was some violation of decorum committed by the poet towards Mrs. Walter Riddell of Woodley Park, he being at the time (as appears from his own letters) one of a company in which the bottle had been circling too freely. "Our bard," says Robert Chambers (who comments severely on the poet for not only writing this piece but also sending it to Clarinda), "came into the drawing-room with the rest, and reason being off guard, he was guilty of an unheard-of act of rudeness towards the elegant hostess—a woman whom in his ordinary moments, he regarded as a divinity not to be too rashly approached." Burns's contrition was deep—see his letter to Mrs. Riddell written immediately after (Jan. 1794)—but his offence was not readily condoned, and soon he began to think that he was treated more severely than he deserved and his pride took fire, the result being gall and bitterness in his heart. The lady here attacked so bitterly forgave the poet his unworthy lampoons, and behaved kindly to him when kindness was most required. Immediately after his death she wrote an affectionate account of his character, and also interested herself deeply in the fortunes of his family. Notwithstanding the worse than contemptuous manner in which Burns speaks of her poetry, Mrs. Riddell was a lady of taste, and considerable poetical talent.

[3] The "epistle" is modelled after Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard," which opens thus:—

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells, &c.

Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"[1]
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Mâlvina's charms;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,[2]
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty Colonel[3] leaves the tartan'd lines
For other wars, where he a hero shines:
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,[4]
Comes mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
The shrinking Bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there, his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:[5]
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.

What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?

[1] This line is quoted from Lyttelton's prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus*.

[2] A Captain Gillespie, who had been a visitor at Woodley Park.

[3] Colonel M'Dowall of Logan, noted as the Lothario of his country during many years.

[4] Mr. John Bushby of Tinwald Downs, a wealthy solicitor and banker, whose hospitality Burns had often enjoyed. "The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred," was a son of Mr. Bushby, who had not inherited the ability of his father.

[5] Thomas Muir, Esq., advocate, and the Rev. T. Fisher Palmer, tried at Glasgow and found guilty of sedition (being really guilty only of advocating reform) in the end of 1793, and sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay.

Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,—
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine,
The idiot strum of Vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of Poesy abused;
Who call'd her verse a Parish Workhouse, made,
For motley, foundling Fancies, stolen or stray'd?

A Workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep!
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The Vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares,
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls.
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain, coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

EPITAPH—ON WAT.[1]

Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave, such
That ev'n the worms damn'd him when laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there's a famine," a starv'd reptile cries;
"And his heart is rank poison," another replies.

[1] This epitaph is of a piece with the poems preceding, "Wat" being Walter Riddell, husband of Mrs. Maria Riddell, who is so severely attacked in the foregoing "Epistle."

PINNED TO MRS. MARIA RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE.

If you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue,
  Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
  If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES.[1]

Here lies John Bushby, *honest man!*
Cheat him, Devil, if ye can.

EPITAPH ON WM. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF MOSSKNOWE.

"Stop, thief!" dame Nature cried to Death,
  As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
  How shall I make a fool again!

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL, ESQ.

OF GLENRIDDELL, APRIL, 1794.

Mr. Riddell of Friars' Carse, one of the heroes of the "Whistle," formerly on terms of the warmest friendship with Burns, had naturally taken part with his friends at Woodley Park in their quarrel with the poet, and at his death was still unreconciled. Burns, remembering only former kindness, hastened to compose this elegiac sonnet, which appeared in the local paper under the announcement of the death.

No more, ye warblers of the wood,—no more!
  Nor pour your descant grating on my soul,
  Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,—
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
  Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend.
  How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddell lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
  And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier:
  The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joys shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

[1] John Bushby of Tinwald-Downs, solicitor and banker, to whom reference has already been made.

LINES ON ROBERT RIDDELL, ESQ.

These lines were inscribed by Burns on the window of Friars' Carse Hermitage, shortly after the death of Captain Riddell, which was the occasion of the above sonnet.

To Riddell much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

SONG—THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE—"*Lass of Inverness.*"

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; no
For e'en and morn she cries, "alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee: salt eye

"Drumossie moor,—Drumossie day,[1]—
A waefu' day it was to me! woeful
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee! eye

[1] Drumossie Moor is the name of the place where the battle of Culloden was fought. This celebrated field (which was visited by Burns in the course of his northern tour, accompanied by Nicol, in the autumn of 1787) is situated about five miles to the east of Inverness, near the shore of the Moray Firth. "It is," says the *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*, "a broad, flat, sandstone ridge that from 500 feet above sea-level sinks gently to 300 feet along the left bank of the river Nairn. . . . Planting and culture have somewhat changed its aspect, so that now it is but an opening in a wood—an opening the size of a park of 6 or 8 acres,—traversed by a carriage road from Inverness to Nairn, and studded with grassy mounds that mark the graves of the slain. In the summer of 1881 these graves were cared for by the present proprietor, one stone being inscribed with the names of the clans M'Gillivray, M'Lean and M'Lauchlan, whilst there are separate stones for Clan Stewart of Appin, Clan Cameron, and Clan M'Intosh, and two graves are marked 'Clans mixed.' Then on a new 'Great Cairn,' 20 feet in height, a slab has been placed with this legend:—'The Battle of Culloden was fought on this moor, 16th April, 1746. The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans.'" This battle, as is well known, took place between the royal troops, about eight thousand in number, under the Duke of Cumberland, and the Highland clans, amounting to five thousand, under Prince Charles Stuart. The latter were drawn up across the moor, facing the east, with the view of protecting Inverness from the royal troops, which advanced from Nairn. The battle began about two in the afternoon, and lasted forty minutes; when the clans fled or marched off the field, the Prince retiring across the Nairn to Stratherrick. The allusion in the last verse of the song is to the cruelties committed by the Duke of Cumberland on the poor Highlanders after their defeat. He allowed the wounded of the insurgent party to lie unrelieved on the field for three days, and then sent parties to put them out of pain. Some were placed in ranks, and shot by platoon. It is also an undoubted fact that a barn in which a considerable number had taken refuge was set fire to, and every person in it burned or otherwise despatched.

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, woe
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair, sore
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."[1]

SONG—HEE BALOU.

TUNE—"*The Highland Balou.*"

This is an English version by Burns of a Gaelic ditty, which a Highland lady sung and translated to him. It first appeared in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum* set to its characteristic air, communicated to the poet by the Gaelic songstress. It appears to date from the time when the cattle and goods of the Lowlanders were considered fair game by the Highlanders.

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief well knows
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie, dear to me is neck
An thou live, thou'lt steal a naigie; nag
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lowlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my baby, may thou furder; prosper
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie plunder the loons Lowlands
Syne to the Highlands hame to me. then

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

This song, which appears in the fifth volume of the *Museum*, is said to have been translated from the Gaelic, and set by Burns to an air furnished him by a lady in the north.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the countrie wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye, cows
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!

[1] "The finest examples of simple and unpretending tenderness are to be found in those songs, which are likely to transmit the name of Burns to all future generations. He found this delightful trait in the old Scottish Ballads, which he took for his model, and upon which he has improved, with a felicity and delicacy of emulation altogether unrivalled in the history of literature. Sometimes, as in the case now before us, it is the brief and simple pathos of the genuine old ballad."—FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes, ewes
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes, knolls
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine; sore
For Donald was the brawest lad, finest
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free; so
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell, woeful
Right to the wrang did yield:
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Och-on! O Donald, oh!
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide no
Sae wretched now as me.[1]

SONG—IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.[2]

TUNE—"*It was a' for our rightfu' king.*"

This beautiful Jacobite song first appeared in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, and Stenhouse there asserts that it is by Burns. It was suggested by the old ballad *Mally Stewart.*

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

[1] The lament of the widow (the representative of hundreds of her class) is too much justified by the facts of the case. After the defeat of the rebels at Culloden in April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland sent off detachments to ravage the whole country round; castles and mansions were pillaged and destroyed; numberless cottages were burned or levelled to the ground, and the families of the unfortunate Jacobites, who escaped fire and sword, were compelled to seek shelter and food wherever they could be found, or to perish on the desolate moors or hidden in caves.

[2] Sir Walter Scott, for his song of "A weary lot is thine" (which occurs in the third canto of Rokeby), acknowledges his obligations to this production, but does not seem to know that Burns had a hand in it. The third stanza he borrows almost word for word:—

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore!"

The great novelist, we are told, never tired of hearing the song sung by his daughter at the piano. The subject seems to be the parting with his wife or sweetheart of some adherent of James II., who had to go abroad after the failure of the king's cause in Ireland; the first two stanzas being the farewell words of the Jacobite soldier.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel!
For I maun cross the main, my dear; must
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake, gave
With Adieu for evermore, my dear;
With Adieu for evermore!

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main; from
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear, live-long
The lee-lang night, and weep.

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.[1]

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop from Castle-Douglas, dated 25th June, 1794, Burns writes:—"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:—

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, &c.

This, the closing section of the ode, was all of it that was known to exist, till the complete MS. turned up in London in 1872. The poem was printed as a whole in the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, published in 1876.

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,

[1] The first edition of Burns's poems in which this somewhat turgid production appeared complete was Mr. Scott Douglas's Kilmarnock edition. He believed that it was referred to in a letter addressed by Burns in November, 1794, to Patrick Miller, jun., of Dalswinton, M.P. for the Dumfries burghs, containing these words: "They are most welcome to my 'Ode;' only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me." This ode, however, was really "Scots wha hae."—Mr. Miller had recommended Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* to engage the poet as a contributor to that paper, but Burns, owing to his position in the excise, declined.

There were many enthusiastic admirers of Washington in Britain; the Earl of Buchan, for instance, who has already been mentioned as a correspondent

And dash it in a tyrant's face,—
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmoved behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the arm that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour, still flaming in the van
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man.

Alfred, on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine!"
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell, through all her confines, raise the exulting voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!

of Burns. In the *Scots Magazine* for 1792 we read that a "magnificent and truly characteristical present" from this nobleman was conveyed to Washington, consisting in "a box elegantly mounted with silver and made of the oak tree that sheltered the Washington of Scotland, the brave and patriotic Sir William Wallace, after his defeat at the battle of Falkirk."

Hear it not, WALLACE! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as the rock, resistless as the storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm, which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed Usurpation's boldest daring!—
Dark-quench'd as yonder sinking star
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.[1]

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

This poem, from a MS. in the poet's handwriting, was first printed in Robert Chambers's People's Edition of the *Poetical Works of Robert Burns*, 1840. But though in Burns's handwriting, it may have been the work of some other writer; as poetical effusions, not the production of Burns, though in his handwriting, are known to exist. Some editors unhesitatingly reject it; we, on the other hand, believe it to be Burns's, though it certainly has very little merit.

Heard ye o' the tree o' France,	
I watna what's the name o't;	wot not
Around it a' the patriots dance,	
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.	knows
It stands where ance the Bastille stood,	once
A prison built by kings, man,	
When Superstition's hellish brood	
Kept France in leading-strings, man.	
Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,	such
Its virtues a' can tell, man;	all
It raises man aboon the brute,	above
It maks him ken himsel', man.	know himself
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,	if once
He's greater than a lord, man,	
An' wi' the beggar shares a mite	
O' a' he can afford, man.	of all

[1] The concluding section of the poem, as given by Currie and in most of the editions of the poet's works, under the heading, "Liberty, a Fragment," varies from the above in some important respects. We reproduce it here:—

LIBERTY, A FRAGMENT.

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, WALLACE, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in Freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing—
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed usurpation's boldest daring:
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking star,
And *one*—the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
An' mak us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, — eyes
Maks high and low guid friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel — fellow
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the deil, — stole
Frae yont the western waves, man.[1] — from beyond
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folks aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree, — cursed
And grat to see it thrive, man; — wept
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco' sma', man; — very small
For this the watchmen crack'd his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time, — then
Did tak a solemn aith, man, — oath
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledg'd their faith, man; — wot
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, — went
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man; — call
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleas'd them ane and a', man. — one and all
By her inspir'd, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, — gave
And bang'd the despot weel, man. — beat

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, — once
And o'er her neighbours shine, man.

[1] The allusion here is undoubtedly to the Marquis de Lafayette, who, after rendering important services to the Americans in their struggle for independence, returned to France to assist the popular cause.

But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found, such
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life alas
Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man. beyond

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow, such
The warld would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war would cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man. would

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat woe be to the rogue who would not
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; such wholesome
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may then
Sure plant this far-fam'd tree, man;
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.[1]

SONG—BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"*The Killogie.*"

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brulzie will first cry a parley? broil
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
Wha in his wae-days were loyal to Charlie? sad-days
Wha but the lads wi' their bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

[1] Professor Wilson has no doubt as to the authorship of this piece. He writes: "Burns was said at one time to have been a Jacobin as well as a Jacobite; and it must have required even all his genius to effect such a junction. He certainly wrote some so-so verses to the Tree of Liberty, and like Cowper, Wordsworth, and other great and good men, rejoiced when down fell the Bastille."

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.[1]

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

The following lines were copied into a letter to Thomson, dated July, 1794, in which the poet makes the remark:—"I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine—Mr. Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank side of the title page the following address to the young lady."

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

SONG—CA' THE YOWES.

This is the title of a simple ditty which Burns had already altered and added two stanzas to for Johnson's *Museum:* it is printed in this edition among the Songs Altered by Burns. The second version here given was sent to Thomson in Sept. 1794. Burns says:—"I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. . . . When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for *you.* In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, drive the ewes knolls
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes— brooklet rolls
My bonnie dearie!

[1] Dr. Currie assigned these lines to the summer of 1795. More probably they belong to the year preceding, in the summer of which Burns visited Mr. Heron, in company with Mr. Syme, and David M'Culloch of Ardwell, and we know of no future visit to Kerroughtree.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's[1] woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang, folding (sheep)
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side, go
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. so
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,[2]
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear; ghost hobgoblin
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near, nought
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart; stolen
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie!
Ca' the yowes, &c.

SONG—ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"*O'er the hills*," &c.

Burns in sending this song to Thomson in the end of August, 1794, says: "The last evening, as I was straying out and thinking of 'O'er the Hills and far away,' I spun the following stanzas for it. . . . I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that now it appears rather a flimsy business." In a later letter he says: "I shall withdraw my 'On the seas and far away' altogether; it is unequal and unworthy of the work."

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;

[1] "A little river so called, near Dumfries."—R. B.

[2] "An old ruin in a sweet situation at the confluence of the Clouden and the Nith."—R. B.——The ruins of Lincluden are situated about a mile and a half north-west of Dumfries, and the building was originally a convent for Benedictine nuns, but was afterwards—towards the close of the fourteenth century—converted into a collegiate church, with a provost, canons, and chaplain. The church, which has never been an extensive or majestic building, is now much

Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away![1]

At the starless midnight hour,
When Winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven, with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,

dilapidated, though its general effect is good at a little distance, and it still presents interesting architectural details. The tracery of the windows must have been rich, beautiful, and varied. In any view of the group of ruins there will most likely be included the shattered remains of the provost's house, originally a lofty tower overhanging the Cluden, closely adjacent to the church. These crumbling Gothic walls rising from a piece of slightly elevated ground beside the murmuring waters of the Cluden, in the midst of a country everywhere beautiful, and with the broad-bosomed Nith gleaming through the neighbouring trees, constitute a scene eminently calculated to invite the steps of a poet. Accordingly, we learn that when a resident in Dumfries Burns would often stroll in the evening along the banks of the Nith, to lounge among the ruins of Lincluden, and linger there till the moon rose upon the scene. The poet is understood also to refer to Lincluden in the fragmentary piece beginning "As I stood by yon roofless tower." See p. 90 of this volume.

[1] In his collection Thomson omits this stanza, and gives the chorus throughout which follows stanza first.

To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey
My dear lad that's far away.

SONG—SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.[1]

TUNE—"*Oonagh's Water-fall.*"

In sending this song to Thomson in September, 1794, Burns remarks in regard to it: "It is too much, at least for *my* humble rustic Muse, to expect that every effort of hers must have merit; still I think it is better to have mediocre verses to a favourite air, than none at all." It appeared first in the *Museum*.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets, so
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue. eyes
Her smiling sae wiling, so cajoling
Wad make a wretch forget his woe; would
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, always
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky. would

[1] The inspirer of this song was Jean Lorimer, whom we have already had occasion to mention in connection with the songs "Craigieburn" and "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad." In sending the ditty to Thomson, Burns informs him that he intends it for Johnson's *Museum*, in which it duly appeared with the note, "Written for this work by Robert Burns." ——This seems to be the first of Burns's lyrics in which Jean Lorimer is spoken of as "Chloris," a poetical appellation which is familiar from sundry fine songs afterwards written by the poet. She was the eldest daughter of William Lorimer, farmer, Kemmishall, near Dumfries, and at this time was about twenty years of age. Her father, with whom Burns got acquainted while at Ellisland, besides being a farmer, dealt in excisable liquors, and Burns was often at the house either on business or for society, being very intimate with the family, and, for a time at least, much taken with Lorimer's charming daughter. Lorimer was accused by Burns himself of being an illicit dealer in excisable commodities, and his wife was given to drink, so that Chloris's home circle could not have been over-refined. (See letter by Burns to Alex. Findlater, June, 1791.) While still under eighteen she had consented, but reluctantly, to elope with a spendthrift young farmer of reckless habits, named Whelpdale, whose follies soon involved him in such a mess of debt that in a few months he had to leave the district, and his wife never saw him again for three-and-twenty years. After being thus deserted she returned to her father's house. It was now that Burns, moved at once by her charms and her misfortunes, began to celebrate her in a series of songs, among the happiest he ever composed in this style. The subsequent life of Chloris was a very sad one. Her father falling into poverty, the daughter had to lead a life at first of dependence, and ultimately of penury. She died of a pulmonary affection at Edinburgh in September, 1831.

Sae warming, sae charming, so
Her fautless form and gracefu' air; faultless
Ilk feature—auld Nature every
Declar'd that she could do nae mair: no more
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, rippling brook grove
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

EPIGRAM

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

"How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever. Dr. Maxwell—the identical Maxwell whom Burke mentioned in the House of Commons—was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave."—BURNS TO THOMSON, September, 1794.

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave!
An angel could not die.[1]

EPIGRAM ON MRS. KEMBLE,[2]

ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO—DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794.

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd.

[1] As to the young lady whose recovery is here celebrated, see note, p. 66. Dr. Maxwell was the Dumfries doctor who attended the poet in his own last illness.

[2] Mrs. Kemble, before marriage Miss Satchell, was, according to *Blackwood*, 1832, an "altogether incomparable 'Yarico.'" Her first appearance in Dumfries was in October 1794.

EPITAPH ON MR. BURTON.[1]

Here cursing, swearing, Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or *Dem my eyes*,
Who, in his life, did little good,
And whose last words were *Dem my blood!*

EPIGRAM ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,[2]
With grateful, lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise;
For had he said, "the soul alone
From death I will deliver;"
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever.

EPIGRAM

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. BABINGTON'S VERY LOOKS.[3]

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

ON ANDREW TURNER.[4]

In se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
And cuist it in a corner; cast
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shap'd it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

[1] Burton was a dashing young Englishman, much addicted to swearing, who requested Burns to write him his epitaph. Burns did so, little to his satisfaction.

[2] Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness. He and Burns took opposite sides in politics. Burns felt no animosity towards the worthy baronet.

[3] It was long supposed that Dr. Blair of Edinburgh was pointed at in this epigram, but the Glenriddell MSS. gives the name of "the Rev. Dr. Babington," a person whose connection with Burns is entirely unknown.

[4] Andrew Turner is said to have been an English commercial traveller, who wished to patronize the Scottish poet, and desiring a specimen of his powers was rewarded with the accompanying impromptu. It must be admitted that the wit of this and others of Burns's epigrammatic trifles is not very brilliant.

EPITAPH ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS,

WHO DESIRED BURNS TO WRITE HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

SONG—BONNIE PEG.[1]

As I cam in by our gate-end, lane-end
  As day was waxen weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
  But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet and shape complete, so
  Wi' nae proportion wanting, no
The Queen o' Love did never move
  Wi' motion mair enchanting. more

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands,
  Adown yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour, and broomy bow'r,
  Can I forget it ever?

SONG—AH, CHLORIS.

TUNE—"*Major Graham.*"

This song appeared for the first time in Pickering's Aldine edition of Burns, published in 1839, as printed from the original MS. in the poet's own handwriting. Chloris was Jean Lorimer, for an account of whom see note, p. 108.

Ah, Chloris! since it may na be
  That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the *lover* thou maun flee,
  Yet let the *friend* be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
  Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
  I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
  And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
  And say it is esteem.

[1] This song, with three additional and very inferior stanzas, first appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, January, 1808. Singularly enough, the above three stanzas (which themselves are of no great merit) were inserted in the same periodical exactly ten years later, as communicated by a correspondent.

SONG—SAW YE MY PHILLY.

TUNE—"*When she came ben she bobbit.*"

The subjects of this song are Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo and her devoted admirer Stephen Clarke, the musician. The ditty itself is but a slightly altered version of "Eppie M'Nab," which Burns had sent to Johnson. This was sent to Thomson with the remark: "If you like my idea of 'When she cam ben she bobbit,' the following stanzas of mine altered a little from what they were formerly when set to another air, may perhaps do instead of worse stanzas."

O saw ye my dear, my Philly?
O saw ye my dear, my Philly?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
  She winna come hame to her Willy. will not

What says she, my dearest, my Philly?
What says she, my dearest, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot, know
  And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, false
  Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONG—LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—"*Duncan Gray.*"

"These English songs gravel me to death. I have not the command of the language that I have of my own native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish. I have been at 'Duncan Gray' to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th Oct. 1794.

Let not woman e'er complain
  Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
  Fickle man is apt to rove:[1]
Look abroad through nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
  Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
  Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:

[1] In the letter to Thomson in which this song was sent, Burns makes a remark regarding "a *ci-devant* goddess of mine"—namely Clarinda—apropos of which, and of the subject of inconstancy and Burns's new flame Chloris, Chambers moralizes as follows:—"It was right even in these poetico-Platonic affairs to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. Yet it was only four months before, only in June, that she was 'my ever dearest Clarinda!' And a letter of friendship was then too cold to be attempted. O womankind, think of that when you are addressed otherwise than in the language of sober common-sense!" The reign of Chloris came to an end also in due course. See note on third page from this.

Sun and moon but set to rise,
  Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
  You can be no more, you know.

SONG—HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.[1]

TUNE—"*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*"

"'How long and dreary is the night;' I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to suit your favourite air 'Cauld Kail,' I have taken a stride or two across my room, and have arranged it anew."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th Oct. 1794.

How lang and dreary is the night,
  When I am frae my dearie! — from
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
  Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. — so
    For oh, her lanely nights are lang; — lonely
      And oh, her dreams are eerie; — uneasy
    And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, — sore
      That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
  I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,—
  How can I be but eerie?
      For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
  The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by, — not so ye flashed
  When I was wi' my dearie.
      For oh, &c.

SONG—THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.[2]

TUNE—"*Deil tak the Wars.*"

"I have been out in the country taking a dinner with a friend, where I met the lady [Jean Lorimer] whom I mentioned in the second page of this odds-and-ends of a letter. As usual I got into song, and returning home I composed the following."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th Oct. 1794.

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
  Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which nature — every
  Waters wi' the tears o' joy:

[1] The earlier version of this song will be found at vol. ii. p. 112.

[2] The bard-lover's mistress at this period was Jean Lorimer (Chloris).

Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower — linnet
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky — lark
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.[1]

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade, — every
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair, — from
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.[2]

SONG—THE WINTER OF LIFE.[3]

TUNE—"*Gil Morice.*"

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow—nae kindly thowe — head — thaw
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, — old age, without bush or shelter
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

[1] In a later version of this piece the above lines read as follows:—

Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel bowers
His lay the linnet pours;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

[2] MS. variation:—

When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky.
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light;
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy.

[3] This plaintive song appears in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum*. The concluding four lines are strikingly simple and pathetic.

Oh, age has weary days,
And nichts o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again?

SONG—CHLORIS.[1]

TUNE—"*My lodging is on the cold ground.*"

"In my last I told you my objections to the song you had selected for 'My lodging is on the cold ground.' On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration), she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song."—BURNS TO THOMSON, November, 1794.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay, lark
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw. birch wood

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,—
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck pulled
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

[1] Chloris, as we have already had occasion to remark, was Jean Lorimer. See note to "She says she lo'es me best of a'." Ardent as his raptures were for this blonde beauty, they had cooled down before February, 1796, when he writes to Thomson: "In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name Chloris. I meant it as the fictitious name of a certain lady; but on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation to a Scottish pastoral ballad. . . . What you mention of flaxen locks is just; they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty." The first stanza was then altered thus:—

Behold, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks so fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers.
And wave thy flowing hair.

SONG—LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"*Rothemurchie's Rant.*"

In writing to Thomson in November, 1794, Burns remarks of this song:—"This piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral." The "lassie" here celebrated was Jean Lorimer ("Chloris"). See note on preceding page.

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea, clothes
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, flaxen
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? tend
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn, purling brook
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.[1]
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower, every
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way, reaper's
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.[2]
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

SONG—FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.[3]

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:

[1] For some incomprehensible reason Thomson and Currie omitted this second stanza.

[2] MS. variation:—

And should the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,
I'll fauld thee to my faithfu' breast,
And comfort thee, my dearie, O.

[3] This is simply a slightly altered version of the song beginning, "The last time I came o'er the moor." Referring to the two versions, Chambers

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

SONG—O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.[1]

TUNE—"*The Sow's Tail.*"

In a letter to Thomson, dated 19th November, 1794, Burns observes:—"I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner. In those that remain I shall have it in my eye. I remember your objection to the name Philly, but it is the common abbreviation of Phillis."

HE.

O Philly, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away, stolen
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove always
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy. own

remarks, that "the change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The alienation of Mrs. Riddell, and the poet's resentment against her, must have rendered the latter name no longer tolerable to him; one can only wonder that, with his new and painful associations regarding that lady, he could endure the song itself, or propose laying it before the world."——Burns wanted the song set to the air, "Nancy's to the Greenwood gane," but Thomson, deeming this tune too lively, set it to one called "The Silken Snood," which forms a more sympathetic union with the words.

[1] In a note to this song Thomson says that Philly is Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo, and Willy an imaginary personage. It is more probable that the Willy was Stephen Clarke, the musician, who was smitten with the charms of his fair pupil, though he was not successful in his wooing.

BOTH.

For a' the joys that gowd can gie, gold give
I dinna care a single flie; do not fly
The { lad / lass } I lo'e's the { lad / lass } for me,
And that's my ain dear { Willy / Philly }. own

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, every more
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye so
As is the sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, such
As meeting o' my Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet, wet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet, nought
As is a kiss o' Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin, run
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; lose
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, one
And that's my ain dear Philly. own

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie? gold
I care na wealth a single flie; fly
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

SONG—CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.[1]

TUNE—"*Lumps o' pudding.*"

"Apropos to bacchanalian songs in Scottish, I composed one yesterday, for an air I liked much—'Lumps o' Pudding.'"—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th November, 1794.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair, cheerful more
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care, meet
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang, whack
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang. beaker of good ale

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought; occasionally scratch
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught: soldier fight
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch. estate

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa', twelvemonth fate
A night o' guid fellowship souther it a': solders
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way; stagger stumble
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae: from go
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My worst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

[1] With regard to this song, the following remarks of Burns in a letter to Thomson, in May, 1795, may be of interest:—"I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette taken from it [a successful miniature likeness of him taken by a travelling artist] to my song 'Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together." It may be admitted that this song gives the picture of his mind as shown to his boon companions of the Globe Tavern, but it differed considerably from that presented to Mrs. Dunlop, Graham of Fintry, and the graver circles of his friends and patrons.

SONG—CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE?[1]

TUNE—"*Roy's Wife.*"

"Since yesterday's penmanship I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song to 'Roy's Wife.' You will allow me that, in this instance my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish. . . . Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not so far amiss."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th November, 1794.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katie?
Canst thou leave, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katie.
Canst thou leave, &c.

[1] "To this address in the character of a forsaken lover, a reply was found on the part of the lady, among the MSS. of our bard, evidently in a female hand-writing. . . .

Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
For, ah! thou know'st na every pang
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven,
And when this heart proves fause to thee,
You sun shall cease its course in heaven.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betrayed,
That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
To take the flow'ret to my breast,
And find the guilfu' serpent under.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
Celestial pleasures might I choose 'em,
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

"It may amuse the reader to be told, that on this occasion the gentleman and the lady have exchanged the dialects of their respective countries. The Scottish bard makes his address in pure English; the reply on the part of the lady, in the Scottish dialect, is, if we mistake not, by a young and beautiful Englishwoman."—CURRIE.

The accomplished lady who wrote the reply was Mrs. Riddell of Woodley Park. Chambers conjectures that Burns sent the song in the text to Mrs. Riddell (between whom and the poet there had now been a serious breach of friendship of several months' standing) as a sort of olive-branch, and that she did not receive it in an unkindly spirit, though, probably, not forgetting that the bard had deeply wounded her delicacy. She answered the piece (in the verses quoted in Currie's note) in the same strain, and sent them to Burns. "Burns could not write verses on any woman without imagining her as a mistress, past, present, or potential. He, accordingly, treats the breach of friendship which had occurred between him and the fair hostess of Woodley Park as a falling away on her part from constancy in the tender passion."

SONG—MY NANNIE'S AWA'.[1]

TUNE—"*There'll never be peace,*" *&c.*

Burns on sending this song to Thomson, on the 9th December, 1794, remarks:—"As I agree with you that the Jacobite song in the *Museum* to 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,' would not so well consort with Peter Pindar's excellent love song to that air, I have just framed for you the following."

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes[2] in ilka green shaw; every wood
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn; wetness
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, so
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'!

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn, lark from
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa', fall
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa. alone

SONG—WAE IS MY HEART.[3]

TUNE—"*Wae is my heart.*"

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee; sorrowful eye
Lang, lang, Joy's been a stranger to me;
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved: sore
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

[1] "Nannie" has been generally identified with "Clarinda" (Mrs. M'Lehose), but this lady seems not to have been much in the poet's thoughts at the time when it was written, Burns's last known letter to her being sent nearly six months previously. It is just possible, however, that the poet had made a first draft of it about the time of the lady's departure for the West Indies (end of 1791), and that it lay beside him unpolished or uncompleted, until he saw a fit opportunity of sending it to Thomson. Thomson did not set the song to the tune Burns designed for it, but to a lachrymose Irish air called "Coolum." It is now, however, universally sung to a beautiful melody composed expressly for the words by an anonymous composer, about 1840.

[2] In the original MS. the word is in the plural; it is usually printed "welcome."

[3] Written, it is said, at the request of Clarke, the musician, for Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, who afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath. The song appears wedded to a plaintive tune in the fifth volume of the *Museum*.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green:
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's ee. would

SONG—SOMEBODY.

TUNE—"*For the sake of somebody.*"

This exquisite little lyric appears in the fifth volume of the *Museum*. "The whole of it," says Stenhouse, "was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay's song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*." The beautiful and expressive air to which the words are now sung has but a slight resemblance to the tune in the *Museum*. The song is still a favourite with eminent female vocalists.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell,— sore
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,[1]
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free, every
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not? would
For the sake of somebody!

SONG—FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

TUNE—"*For a' that, and a' that.*"

We learn from a letter to Thomson (15th January, 1795) that this song must have been written on or about the New Year's Day of 1795. "I do not," says the poet, "give you the foregoing song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle;* for the piece is not really poetry." He also says, however, it "will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, and a' that? hangs
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,

[1] This line occurs in a song of Crawford's—"My Dearie, if thou die," in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that. gold

What tho' on hamely fare we dine, homely
  Wear hoddin grey, and a' that; coarse woollen cloth
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor, so
  Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, fellow called
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that: booby
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king[1] can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might, above
  Guid faith he maunna fa' that! must not attain[2]
For a that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher rank[3] than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that! have the superiority
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet for a' that,
That[4] man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that![5]

[1] MS. var. "prince."

[2] This expression means literally, must not have that for his lot or share; but here it rather means, must not have that in his power. *Fa'* (that is, *fall*) is frequently used in the sense of one's lot or fortune, what *befalls* one ("A towmond o' trouble, should that be my *fa'*"), and this is the corresponding verb. Compare the following verse from the first of Burns's "Heron Ballads:"

> Whom will you send to London town,
> To Parliament and a' that?
> Or wha in a' the country round
> The best deserves *to fa' that*?"

Similarly Fergusson in his *Braid Claith* says: "He that some ells o' this may *fa'*."

[3] Var. "Ranks."

[4] Reading of *Scots Magazine*, August, 1797:

> And man and man shall brothers be,
> The world a' o'er for a' that!

[5] If this piece be not exactly poetry, as Burns himself declares, its manly, independent, and inspiriting sentiments, and its terse and vigorous phraseology make it something quite as good. In it we have crystallized some of the thoughts that were strong in the breasts of the many about this time, and that owed much of their vitality and prevalence to the revolutions in America and in France.

SONG—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

This is a second and more rhythmically correct version of the song printed on p. 18, vol. iii. It was forwarded to Thomson in January, 1795, in the same letter containing "For a' that, and a' that."

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

EPIGRAM—THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.[1]

The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET,

BELONGING TO MR. SYME.

There's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

[1] In the 13th vol. of Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland* is a notice, in the article on the parish of Balmaghie, regarding several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and some rude but expressive verses inscribed on one of their gravestones are quoted in full. The compiler of the article (the parish minister of Crossmichael), in alluding to the inscription remarks that the author "no doubt supposed himself to have been writing poetry." Conceiving the remark of the reverend writer to have been sarcastic, Burns, it is said, pencilled the above lines on the margin of the book, which belonged to the Dumfries Public Library. Allan Cunningham gives a slightly different version of Burns's lines:—

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears,
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers,

and says they were an improvised rebuke to a gentleman who had been sneering at the Solemn League and Covenant as ridiculous and fanatical, while sitting opposite the poet at table.

TO MR. SYME,[1]

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

JERUSALEM TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,[2]

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

Here Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels;
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—
In upright honest morals.

EPIGRAM—MY BOTTLE.

This is a slightly varied form of stanza third of "Guidwife, count the Lawin," which see. It was written on a window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.

My bottle is a haly pool, holy
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool; sorrow
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

SONG—PEG-A-RAMSAY.[3]

Cauld is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary dawn
When birks are bare at Yule. birches

O cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift, dark
The hills and glens are lost.

[1] John Syme, Esq., of Ryedale, we may remind the reader, who had his office for the distribution of stamps in the same building in which Burns first resided in Dumfries, was one of his most tried and genial friends.

[2] Richardson was a man of considerable local importance, and was elected provost of the burgh in 1802. His son, John (born 1787, died 1865), was the famous traveller and naturalist, Sir John Richardson.

[3] This and "There was a bonnie lass" (p. 127) were fragments by Burns, which Johnson inserted in the last volume of his *Museum*. They seem to have been written solely for the purpose of furnishing words to melodies which were at one time popular; the first a lively old tune, the title of which seems to be referred to by Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 3; the second was a favourite slow march.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night, so
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill. got

SONG—O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.[1]

TUNE—"*My wife she dang me.*"

O aye my wife she dang me, defeated
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye. domineer over

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.
O aye my wife, &c.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last, savour
When a' thir days are done, man; these
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. above
O aye my wife, &c.

SONG—O, STEER HER UP.

TUNE—"*O, steer her up, and haud her gaun.*"

O, steer her up, and haud her gaun,— rouse keep her going
Her mother's at the mill, jo; dear
And gin she wiuna tak a man, if will not
E'en let her tak her will, jo:[2]
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, offer
And ca' anither gill, jo, call for another
And gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. scold

O, steer her up, and be na blate, bashful
And gin she take it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, to
And time nae langer spill, jo: no longer

[1] The above song was suggested by some old verses, which Stenhouse says "are of such a nature as to render them quite unfit for insertion."

[2] The first four lines of this song belong to an old ditty more remarkable for its indelicacy than its humour. Ramsay had already borrowed them for the opening of a bacchanalian song (which otherwise has no connection with these lines) in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. The song as it stands appeared first in the sixth volume of Johnson's *Museum*.

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute — one rebuff
But think upon it still, jo;
Then gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

SONG—THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

There was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

SONG—O, LASSIE, ARE YE SLEEPIN' YET?

TUNE—"*Let me in this ae night.*"

This is our bard's third effort at recasting an old song which appeared in Herd's *Collection*. The first version was sent to Thomson in August, 1793, but was suppressed; a second was subsequently sent and will be found at vol. iii. p. 83. The present version was sent in February, 1795, and is the form in which Thomson published the song.

O lassie, are ye sleepin' yet,
Or are ye wakin', I wad wit? — would know
For love has bound me hand an' fit, — foot
And I would fain be in, jo. — dear
O let me in this ae night, — one
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo![1]

O hear'st thou not the[2] wind an' weet? — rain
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet: — no
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo. — from
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; — falls
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

[1] Variation:—

O let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo!

[2] Variation:—

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again, — way
I winna let you in, jo. — will not dear
I tell you now this ae night, — one
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a' this ae night, — once for all
I winna let you in, jo!

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, — sharpest darkest
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures, — nought
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo. — fate own
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting, woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.[1]
I tell you now, &c.

SONG—I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.[2]

TUNE—"*I'll gang nae mair to yon town.*"

I'll aye ca' in by yon town, — always call
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, — none shall know
What brings me back the gate again, — way
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again. — stealthily shall
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

[1] The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let that to witless woman say
"The gratefu' heart o' man, jo!"

[2] The heroine of this lyric may be either the poet's wife, or (which is more likely) his divinity for the time being, Jean Lorimer. The tune belongs to a song of the olden day. It was a great favourite with George IV. In Scotland, we must remark, as well as in the north of England, the term *town* is frequently applied to a farm-house or mansion with its connected buildings, and this is probably the meaning here.

She'll wander by the aiken tree, oak
When trystin'-time draws near again, time for meeting
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again! faith
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

SONG—O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?[1]

TUNE—"*I'll gang nae mair to yon town.*"

"I enclose you a song," says Burns in a letter to Mr. Syme, "which I composed since I saw you, and I am going to give you the history of it. Do you know, that among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honour to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, for instance, there is nothing charms me more than Mr. Oswald's unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman? Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the Divine Giver of all good things than Mr. O.? A fine fortune, a pleasing exterior, self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous upright mind; and that informed too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune: and to all this, such a woman!—but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate. In my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings, on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald; but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors."[2]

O wat ye wha's in yon town, wot
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's(1) in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw, wood
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee! eye
O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy(2) dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

[1] Compare this song with the one immediately preceding, composed to the same air. As to the meaning which probably belongs here to *town* see note to preceding song.

[2] Mrs. Oswald's maiden name was Lucy Johnston. She was daughter of Wynne Johnston, of Hilton, Esq., and was married April 23, 1793, to R. A. Oswald, Esq. of Auchincruive, in the county of Ayr. Alas for beauty—fortune—affections—and hopes! This lovely and accomplished woman had not blessed Mr. Oswald above a year beyond this period, when she fell into pulmonary consumption. A removal to a warmer climate was tried, in the hope of restoring health; but she died at Lisbon, in January, 1798, at an age little exceeding thirty. She was ten years older than her husband.

In the version sent to the *Museum* the following variations occur:—(1) fairest maid's, (2) Jeanie, (3) Amang the broomy braes sae green, (4) And dearest pleasure is my Jean, (5) fair, (6) Jeanie, (7) Jeanie. We may fairly enough infer from the above alterations that Burns did not scruple to kill two birds with one stone, or, as Robert Chambers puts it, "it was no unusual thing with him to shift the devotion of verse from one person to another." "Jeanie" would no doubt be Jean Lorimer.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town, glances
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;(3) banks
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.(4)
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my love,(5) not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy(6) in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave wad be a lover's bower, would
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there. guard
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin' sun's gane down upon! gone
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam near shone upon.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me Lucy(7) dear!
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart, one from
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

SONG—THE CARDIN' O'T.[1]

TUNE—"*Salt-fish and Dumplings.*"

I coft a stane o' haslock woo', bought a stone of wool from the throat
To mak a coat[2] to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo, dear
I lo'e him best o' ony yet. any

[1] Stenhouse, writing with the poet's MS. before him, claims this song as one of Burns's. The chorus has a more ancient ring about it.—"The tenderness of Johnnie's wife," says Allan Cunningham, "can only be fully felt by those who know that hauselock wool is the softest and finest of the fleece, and is shorn from the throats of the sheep in the summer heat, to give them air and keep them cool.

[2] This word is printed "wat" in the *Museum*, evidently from Burns's handwriting being misread, as a carelessly written *co* will easily assume the appearance of a tolerably good *w*. Some editors read "wab," which seems less likely to be correct. Cunningham (followed by Dr. Hately Waddell) boldly explained "wat" as "a man's upper dress; a sort of mantle;" though it is nearly certain no such word ever existed.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat, every
The tailor staw the lynin' o't. stole lining

For though his locks be lyart grey, grizzled
And though his brow be beld aboon, bald above
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen. parish
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't, &c.

SONG—THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE—"*The lass that made the bed to me.*"

The first draught of this ballad sent by Burns to Johnson's *Museum*, and in it inserted, we consider, to say the least of it, indelicate. "Of this the bard seems to have been sensible," says Stenhouse, "and it is one of those pieces, which, in his letter to Johnson, he says might be amended in a subsequent edition. The following version of the ballad contains the last alterations and corrections of the bard." "The [original ballad of the] Bonnie Lass that made the bed to me," on which this song is founded, says Burns, "was composed on an amour of Charles II. when skulking in the north about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Portlethen, who was the lass that made the bed to him."

When winter's wind was blawing cauld, cold
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld, darksome enfold
I knew na where to lodge till day. not

A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine, gold so fine
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A finer form nane ever saw none
Than hers that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid, both broad
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She bade "good-night," and smiling said:
"I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'." both soft

Upon the morrow, when I raise, rose
I thanked her for her courtesie;
A blush cam o'er the comely face
Of her that made the bed to me.

I clasped her waist, and kissed her syne, — then
The tear stude twinkling in her ee; — stood eye
"O dearest maid gin ye'll be mine, — if
Ye aye sall mak the bed to me." — always shall

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD I.]

The present ballad was written in the spring of 1795. "This is the first of several ballads which Burns wrote to serve Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, in two elections, in which he was opposed, first by Gordon of Balmaghie, and secondly by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. They are known to the peasantry by the name of the 'Heron Ballads.' The poet seems at first to have contemplated some such harmless and laughable effusions as those which he wrote on Miller's election. The first ballad is gentle and moderate: it is a song of eulogy on Heron—not of reproof to his opposers. These ballads were printed at the time on one side of a sheet, and widely disseminated over the country: they were understood merely as election squibs, and none of the gentlemen lampooned looked otherwise upon them than as productions of poetic art."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. This election for the stewartry of Kirkcudbright was rendered necessary by the death, in January, 1795, of General Stewart, at that time member. The Tory candidate, Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, a young man of little personal influence, was backed up by his uncle, Mr. Murray of Broughton, one of the richest and most influential proprietors in Galloway, and he received besides the powerful support of the Earl of Galloway. The candidature of Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, in the Whig interest, was warmly espoused by Burns, who had paid him a visit in June, 1794, and for whom he had penned the "Inscription for an Altar to Independence," erected in his grounds. Mr. Heron gained the seat, being returned in March.

Whom will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that? — have that for his lot
For a' that, an' a' that,
Thro' Galloway an' a' that;
Where is the laird or belted knight — squire
That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's[1] open yett,— — gate
And wha is't never saw that?—
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, an' a' that.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle[2] can shaw that; — show

[1] Kerroughtree is a mansion in the west of Kirkcudbrightshire, parish of Minnigaff, about a mile from Newton-Stewart. The family name is now Heron-Maxwell.

[2] The seat of the Earl of Selkirk, near Kirkcudbright. The tirade against "nobles" in verse fourth is not aimed at Lord Selkirk and his family, with whom Burns was on friendly terms, as is seen from this verse, but at the Earl of Galloway, so prominent and influential a member of the Tory election league.

Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that. get that allotted him
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk? bend
And is 't against the law that?
For why, a lord may be a gouk fool
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun, rascal
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,[1]
Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, have one from among
A man we ken, an' a' that. know
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought an' sold
Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that. horses cattle

Then let us drink the Stewartry, Kirkcudbright
Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that, proprietor
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD II.]

THE ELECTION.

See note to Ballad I. in regard to the circumstances connected with the composition of this piece.

TUNE—"*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*"

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
And O, how the heroes will swear!

[1] Young Gordon of Balmaghie is said to come "o'er the hills" apparently because Balmaghie is in the central and more elevated part of the county as compared with Newton-Stewart, Kirkcudbright, &c.

An' there will be Murray, commander,
And Gordon the battle to win;[1]
Like brothers they stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance an' kin. so

An' there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,[2]
The tongue o' the trump to them a'; jew's-harp
An' he get na hell for his haddin', if holding
The Deil gets nae justice ava'; at all
An' there will be Kempleton's birkie, young fellow
A boy na sae black at the bane, bone
But as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.[3]

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,[4]
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped; finely
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord, what's become o' the head?
An' there will be Cardoness,[5] Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes; so
A wight that will weather damnation—
The Devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses[6] doughty
New christ'ning towns far and near,
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the —— o' a peer;
An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous![7]
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,[8] will not
The body, e'en let him escape! creature
He'd venture the gallows for siller, money
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. rope
An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The birkie is gettin' his questions, fellow
To say in St. Stephen's the morn. to morrow

[1] Murray of Broughton, and his nephew, Gordon of Balmaghie, the Tory candidate.

[2] John Bushby, of Tinwald Downs, banker and solicitor, who by his own energy and shrewdness had raised himself to affluence and to the position of country gentleman. Burns had at one time been on friendly terms with him. He is called "tongue o' the trump," as being indispensable to his party.

[3] Allusion is here made to a brother of John Bushby, namely William Bushby of Kempleton, whose East Indian fortune was popularly represented as having originated in some questionable transactions connected with the Ayr bank, before he went abroad.

[4] Mr. Maitland Bushby, advocate, son of John Bushby, and newly appointed Sheriff of Wigtownshire. See "Epistle from Esopus to Maria," p. 93.

[5] Maxwell of Cardoness, upon whom an epigram will be found at p. 110.

[6] Mr. Douglas of Carlinwark gave the name of Castle Douglas to a village which rose in his neighbourhood —now a small town.

[7] Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, afterwards Viscount Kenmure. With him Burns was on good terms, hence the way he is spoken of here. See note to "Kenmure's on and awa" (p. 37).

[8] Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;[1]
An' there will be Buittle's apostle,[2]
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue; more
An' there will be folk frae St. Mary's,[3] from
A house o' great merit and note;
The deil ane but honours them highly,— devil a one
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,[4]
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck, hang
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect:
An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
Tho' nabobs, yet men of the first;[5]
An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,[6]
An' Quintin,[7] o' lads not the warst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,[8]
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; heed
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;[9] sharp
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,[10]
Whase honour was ever his law,
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld Major,[11]
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither, other
Him only it's justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,[12]
And also Barskimming's guid knight,[13]
An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,[14]
Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
Teugh Johnnie,[15] staunch Geordie,[16] an' Walie,[17]
That griens for the fishes and loaves; longs

[1] Rev. Mr. Muirhead of Urr. See Ballad IV.
[2] Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle.
[3] The Earl of Selkirk's family, from their residence St. Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright.
[4] Richard Oswald of Auchincruive, whose wife was celebrated by the poet in the song "O wat ye wha's in yon town?" (p. 129).
[5] The Messrs. Hannay.
[6] Mr. Copeland of Collieston.
[7] Mr. Quintin M'Adam of Craigengillan.
[8] John Syme, distributor of stamps for Dumfries—the poet's friend.
[9] Colonel Goldie of Goldielea.
[10] Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.
[11] Major Heron, brother of the candidate.
[12] Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran.
[13] Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards a judge, with the title of Lord Glenlee.
[14] Mr. Alex. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.
[15] John Maxwell of Terraughty. (See epistle to — on his birthday, p. 40).
[16] George Maxwell of Carruchan.
[17] Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

An' there will be Logan M'Dowall,[1]
  Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there, obscenity
An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
  Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.[2]

Then hey! the chaste int'rest o' Broughton,
  An' hey! for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
  In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
An' hey! for the sanctified Murray,
  Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse amang harlots,
  But gied the auld naig to the Lord.[3] gave nag

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD III.]

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

See notes to preceding two ballads.

TUNE—"*The Babes in the Wood.*"

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
  O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man most woeful
  O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth day,
  The sun rase clear and bright; rose
But O! I was a waefu' man
  Ere to-fa' o' the night. on-coming

[1] Colonel M'Dowall of Logan, infamous for his treatment of Peggy Kennedy, the supposed heroine of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

[2] Mr. Blair of Dunskey.

[3] The reference is to Mr. Murray's having left his wife, and eloped with a lady of rank. In consequence of his great fortune he still maintained his alliance with his wife's relations, and was supporting one of them in this election.

The verses of this ballad are very differently arranged in the various copies that have been preserved, but otherwise there is substantial agreement. ——"When Burns wrote this second ballad, the election had taken a serious turn against Heron. The verses are severe in most instances. Worthier men than several of those lampooned were not then alive, but he desired to help his friend, and regarded not what weapons he used, provided they were sharp. The gentlemen named were the most active canvassers on both sides; praise is lavished on the adherents of Heron, and satiric abuse is bestowed on the friends of the Gordon."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. ——It was characteristic, but by no means prudent, for Burns, considering his position as a public servant, to take so active a part in this struggle. But he really wished to aid Mr. Heron, against whom were ranked such objects of his aversion as Lord Galloway and Bushby of Tinwald Downs. After producing the second ballad he wrote to Mr. Heron:—"Sir, I enclose you some copies of a couple of political ballads, one of which, I believe, you have never seen. Would to heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry! but—

Who does the utmost that he can,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.

In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all over the country." Mr. Heron had mentioned in a letter to Mr. Syme his wish to aid in Burns's promotion in the excise if he could, for which Burns, in the letter from which we quote, expresses his obligations. This ballad is fashioned after the well-known and humorous—

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be lilting there, &c.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, earl
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd,
The Murray's noble name!

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld gray yaud, mare
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,[1]
That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade, rode
He staw upon Nidside. stole

An there had been the yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies[2] was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray. so kine

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine; would
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid from
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan;
My gamesome billie Will, brother
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set naught to their score:
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

[1] This verse is obscure. It seems to contain an allusion to the lady with whom Murray had eloped—one of the house of Johnston, whose family crest is a winged spur. For "yea" another reading is "a'," which hardly serves to make the meaning clearer.

[2] Lord Garlies, a title of the Earl of Galloway.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
  The pair o' lusty lairds, squires
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
  And christening kail-yards. kitchen-gardens

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
  And Buittle was na slack; not
Whose haly priesthood nane can stain, holy none
  For wha can dye the black?

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
  That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
  To drive him frae his door. from

And last came creeping Collieston,
  Was mair in fear than wrath; more
Ae knave was constant in his mind, one
  To keep that knave frae scaith.[1] from harm

SONG—THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—"*Push about the jorum.*"[2]

When the French threatened to invade Britain in 1795, Burns enrolled himself among the gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries, along with his friends Maxwell, Staig, and Syme. Soon after he wrote the present stirring song. The song appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant* of 4th May, the *Dumfries Journal* of 5th May, and in the *Scots Magazine* of the same month. To extend its influence still farther, the author had it printed with the music upon a separate sheet by Johnson, and thus it penetrated into the nobleman's drawing-room as well as into the farmer's parlour.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
  Then let the louns beware, Sir; rascals
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
  And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,[3]
  And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
  On British ground to rally.
    We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
      On British ground to rally.[4]

[1] Mr. Heron gained the election, having triumphed over the combined forces of the Earl of Galloway and Mr. Murray. Hence "John Bushby's Lamentation," which is much inferior to some of the poet's productions in the same vein. For the characters mentioned in this effusion consult the foot-notes on the preceding ballad.

[2] The bold, vigorous tune to which the words are set in the sixth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, was composed by Stephen Clarke, the musical editor of that collection.

[3] If Nith ran to Corsincon, it would run uphill, Corsincon being a mountain not far from its source, and Criffel a high green mountain near where it enters the Solway.

[4] "Burns was said at one time to have been a Jacobin as well as a Jacobite; and it must have required even all his genius to effect such a junction. He certainly wrote some so-so verses to the 'Tree of Liberty,' and like Cowper, Wordsworth, and other great and good men, rejoiced when down fell the Bastille. But when there was a talk of taking our Island, he soon evinced the nature of his affection for the French."—PROF. WILSON.

O let us not, like snarling tykes, dogs
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun, foreign rascal
And wi' a rung decide it. bludgeon
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted. must
For never but by British hands,
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun tinker rogue
Shall ever ca' a nail in't. drive
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought;
And wha wad dare to spoil it? would
By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own, would
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne, above
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.[1]

SONG—MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—"*Deil tak the wars.*"

This beautiful, though somewhat artificial lyric was sent to Thomson in May, 1795, followed by the remark: "Well! this is not amiss." It appears in Thomson's collection wedded to the desired air, which is arranged by Haydn. In singing, the first four lines of each stanza are repeated.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.

[1] "These are far from being 'elegant' stanzas—there is even a rudeness about them—but 'tis the rudeness of the Scottish Thistle—a paraphrase of *nemo me impune lacesset.* The staple of the war-song is home-grown and home-spun. . . . Not all the orators of the day, in parliament or out of it, in all their speeches put together, embodied more political wisdom, or appealed with more effective power to the noblest principles of patriotism in the British heart."—PROF. WILSON.

What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day?
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

SONG—CALEDONIA

TUNE—"*Humours of Glen.*"

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.[1]

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

[1] "The heroine of this song was Mrs. Burns, who so charmed the poet by singing it with taste and feeling that he declared it to be one of his luckiest lyrics."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.——We doubt the accuracy of Cunningham's information. The Jean who at this period enthralled the poet's fancy, as may be seen from our notes to various foregoing songs, was Jean Lorimer ("Chloris"). But possibly no particular Jean is here intended. This song seems never to have become popular.

"For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean."

SONG—ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.[1]

TUNE—"*Where'll bonnie Ann lie.*"[2]

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
  Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart, would
  Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd, nought
  Sic notes o' woe could wauken. such

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! no more
  Or my poor heart is broken!

SONG—ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—"*Aye Waukin, O.*"

Long, long the night, heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care—can I cease to languish
While my darling fair is on the couch of anguish?
  Long, long, &c.

Every hope is fled, every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread, every dream is horror.
  Long, long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine! oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine, but my Chloris spare me![3]
  Long, long, &c.

[1] There still exists a pencil manuscript in the poet's own handwriting of what seems to be the first draft of this lyric, and which is headed—"SONG—COMPOSED ON HEARING A BIRD SING WHILE MUSING ON CHLORIS." The first stanza, which we subjoin, differs considerably from the version in the text; the alterations in the others are unimportant.—

Sing on sweet songster o' the brier,
Nae stealthy traitor-foot is near;
O soothe a hapless Lover's ear,
  And dear as life I'll prize thee.

In regard to the song of the wood-lark Yarrell remarks: "Its voice has neither the variety nor the power of that of the Sky Lark; but it is superior to it in quality of tone, and by many persons preferred on that account. There is also a plaintive character in its song, which is second only to that of the Nightingale." The bird is rare in Scotland.

[2] "A still better tune would be 'Loch Erroch side' ['The Lass o' Gowrie'], the rhythm of which it suits better than the drawling stuff in the *Museum*."—R. B.

[3] The "Pow'rs divine" did spare Chloris (Jean Lorimer), and she long outlived the poet. We have elsewhere given a short sketch of her life. See p. 108.

SONG—'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EE.

TUNE—"*Laddie, lie near me.*"

'Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin; eye
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet stown glance o' kindness. stolen

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me, sore
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me! must
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,[1]
And thou has plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

SONG—FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.[2]

TUNE—"*Let me in this ae night.*"

Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I must repine, love.
O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert thou, love, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert thou, love, &c.

[1] MS. variations:—
Mary, } I'm thine, &c.
Jeanie, }

[2] In sending this song to Thomson in June, 1795, Burns tells him it was written "within this hour." It would seem that Thomson had subsequently suggested some alterations in stanza 3, as Burns wrote him on the 3d August: "Your objection is just as to the verse of my song. I hope the following alteration will please you:—

Cold, alter'd friends, with cruel art,
Poisoning fell Misfortune's dart:
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love."

The meaning is not very clear in either form of the verse.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert thou, love, &c.

SONG—LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

TUNE—"*The Lothian Lassie.*"

In July, 1795, this exquisitely arch and humorous song was sent to Thomson, who published it in his collection in 1799. Strangely enough we find that in 1803 Johnson printed it in the sixth volume of his *Museum*, and asserted that Burns had sent him the song several years before it was communicated to Thomson. Johnson was unwilling to print it, says Stenhouse, as there were one or two somewhat irreverent expressions in it. On comparing it, in this respect, with some of the songs in Johnson's book, we think he was here straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel indeed! Johnson has even been charged with pirating the gem to grace his last volume, especially as the song had by that time acquired great popularity; but this we much doubt, as the sequence of stanzas 2 and 3 in his version seems more natural than that of Thomson's, and in the different readings the preference on the whole is to be given to the second version. As the song is still a popular favourite, and as some of the lines are now usually sung as given by Johnson, we print the song as it appears in his collection as a second version.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen, — gallant
And sair wi' his love he did deave me; — sorely deafen
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me, — go with
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een, — eyes
And vow'd for my love he was deein'; — dying
I said he might dee when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for leein', for leein', — lying
The Lord forgie me for leein'!

A weel-stockèd mailen,—himsel' for the laird,— — farm owner
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd, — let knew
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers, — worse
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,— — would
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,[1] — lane
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

[1] In the original MS. sent to Thomson this line read:

He up the *Gateslack* to my black cousin Bess.

Thomson objected to this local name, as well as to the name Dalgarnock in the next stanza. Burns replied: —"Gateslack . . . is positively the name of a particular place, a kind of passage up among the Lowther Hills, on the confines of this county. Dalgarnock is also the name of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial place. However, let the line run: "He up the lang loan," &c.

But a' the neist week as I petted wi' care, next
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock, went fair
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock, stared
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, over shoulder glance
Lest neebors might say I was saucy; neighbours
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, inquired kindly
Gin she had recover'd her hearin', if
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet,[1] shoes fitted distorted
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He beggèd, for gudesake! I wad be his wife, would
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow, must
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

SONG—AE DAY A BRAW WOOER.[2]

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE PRECEDING.

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen, one gallant
And sair wi' his love he did deave me; sorely deafen
But I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me, go with
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

A weel-stocket mailen, himsel' o't the laird, farm owner
And bridal aff-hand was the proffer;
I never loot on that I ken'd or I car'd, let knew
But thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer, worse
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een, eyes
And said for my love he was deein', dying
I said he might dee when he liket for Jean;
The Gude forgie me for leein', for leein', lying
The Gude forgie me for leein'!

But what do ye think? in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her,)

[1] This line wants the sting of Johnson's version: "How *my* auld shoon," &c., "auld shoon" being a proverbial expression for a discarded lover.

[2] This version is from the sixth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, in which it first made its appearance. See the introductory note to the first version.

He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think, how the jade I could bear her, could bear her,
Think, how the jade I could bear her.

An' a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care, next week
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock, went fair
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there! fine
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock, stared
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink, over shoulder glance
Lest neighbours should think I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, –
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' cuthie and sweet, inquired kindly
An' if she had recover'd her hearin'?
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchel't feet?[1] distorted
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow would
And just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

SONG—THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.[2]

TUNE—"*This is no my ain house.*"

This is no my ain lassie, own
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Weel ken I my ain lassie, well know
Kind love is in her ee. eye

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
This is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;

[1] See note 1 in preceding page.

[2] This is the altered and completed form of a sketch which the poet sent in a letter to Thomson on the 3d July, 1795. The draft commenced thus:—

O this is nae my ain body, not my own creature
Fair tho' the body be, &c.

The improvement of the phraseology in the revised song is obvious.

And aye it charms my very saul, soul
The kind love that's in her ee.
This is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,[1] so arch
To steal a blink, by a' unseen; glance
But gleg as light are lovers' een, sharp
When kind love is in the ee.
This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
This is no, &c.

SONG—NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

This "Lover's Complaint" was written as if expressive of the feelings of Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, an old and dear friend of the poet, and to whom it was inclosed in a letter to Thomson of the 2d August, 1795, marked "*Une bagatelle de l'amitié.*"

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join every
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of wo?

The trout in yonder[2] wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art—
My life was ance that careless stream, once
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.[3]

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows, no

[1] Jean Lorimer.

[2] Variations: "within yon" and "glides swift."

[3] This and the next two stanzas were transcribed into a letter written by the poet to Maria Riddell in Jan. 1796, with the remark: "The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd despairing beside a clear stream." His last illness was then upon him, and he seems to have forgot that he had already utilized them as here shown.

Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the with'ring blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs, lark
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair," no more
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.[1]

SONG—O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

This song, with the following, was sent to Thomson on the 3d August, 1795, being the last of the series of songs the poet wrote under the inspiration of Chloris (Jean Lorimer). Burns seems to have written it to the air "I wish my love was in a mire," but in Thomson's collection the song is wedded to the tune known as "The wee, wee Man," and has its accompaniment composed by Haydn.

O bonnie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

[1] The story of Cunningham's unfaithful mistress, which formed the subject of the above song as well as of the songs, "She's fair and fause," vol. ii. p. 137, and "Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore, ' vol. iii. p. 77, made a great sensation at the time. The young lady in question (whose real name was Anne and not Peggy), after "plighting her troth" with Cunningham, married Dr. Dewar of Edinburgh. Everything had been arranged for her marriage with Cunningham, who was devotedly attached to her; but Dr. Dewar (who had been paying her professional and friendly visits at the same time), although her senior by many years, and not to be compared to his rival in personal appearance or talents, persuaded her to break off the match. Cunningham at that time not being in affluent circumstances, and the lady knowing that the doctor had "routh o' gear," she consented to marry him. This was a most severe shock to poor Cunningham. Such was his affection for the object of his blighted love that, long after she had jilted him, and even after he was married, he was seen stealthily, in the gloaming, to traverse for hours the opposite side of the street where she resided—pause for a moment opposite her windows, and when he had caught a glimpse of her, burst into tears—then wend his way slowly home by the most lonely path, completely absorbed in grief. Time at last mollified his hopeless passion.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

TO CHLORIS.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE LAST EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

Burns himself described this piece as inscribed in a copy of his poems "presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of 'Chloris.'"

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few;

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower);

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart;

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest
These joys could he improve.[1]

[1] This, which was transmitted to Thomson along with the preceding, appears to have been the last of the poet's pieces that were inspired by Chloris. By the time that six months had elapsed he seems to have conceived a dislike to this fictitious name, and perhaps a coldness to the lady herself. To Thomson he writes in February, 1796: "In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name Chloris."

SONG—MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.[1]

This is said to have been written on seeing a beautiful country girl going along the High Street, Dumfries, equipped for a journey in the fashion of Scottish damsels of the time, namely, with her stockings and shoes for the time being bundled up in her hand, instead of on her feet.

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet; barefoot
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet more
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, shoes
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. above
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck; rippling
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
Mally's meek, &c.

SONG—O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.[2]

TUNE—"*Morag.*"

O wha is she that lo'es me, loves
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;

[1] Mally is, of course, an endearing substitute for Mary, but it has not been a frequent one with amatory poets, either before or after Burns's time. The song was written for Johnson's *Museum*.

[2] This song was probably written towards the end of summer, 1795. It appears to have been submitted to the criticism of Robert Cleghorn in a visit that gentleman made to the poet in the August of that year. Cleghorn on returning to Edinburgh made Burns a present of a beautiful edition of Gavin Douglas's poems, and in a letter accompanying the gift requests a copy of the above song. Owing to a long illness which followed the death of his daughter the poet was unable to gratify his friend's request till January, 1796, when he sent the song along with a letter detailing his unfortunate condition. In that copy the opening line of the song runs:—

O wat you wha that lo'es me.

O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her. one

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming, so
Had ne'er sic powers alarming: such
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking, every person
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted, from
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

SONG—JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE—"*Bonnie lassie tak a man.*"

This simple and natural song was written for the sixth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, where it is wedded to a fine melody having the same characteristics.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane; gone
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain;
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee, eye
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be! awakening
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.[1] home

[1] "There is no great matter or merit, some one may say, in such lines as these—nor is there; but they express sweetly enough some natural sentiments, and what more would you have in a song?"—PROFESSOR WILSON.—The air for which the song was written is old.

TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY, 17th DECEMBER, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES.

[December, 1795.]

Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,	faithful
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;	without thee
Alake, alake, the meikle deil,	alas
Wi' a' his witches,	
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,	dancing vigorously
In my poor pouches.	pockets
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,	would
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it:	sorely
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,	servant-girl
It would be kind;	
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,	throbbed
I'd bear't in mind.[1]	
So may the auld year gang out moaning	go
To see the new come laden, groaning,	
Wi double plenty o'er the loanin[2]	field-road
To thee and thine;	
Domestic peace and comforts crowning	
The hale design.	whole

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,	beaten
And by fell death was nearly nicket:	cut off
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,	got waistcoat
And sair me sheuk;	sorely shook
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,	leaped
And turn'd a neuk.	corner

[1] In such terms did Burns request a small loan. Making his request in rhyme seemed to take the edge off its abruptness. Mr. Mitchell, to whom the poem is addressed, was a kind-hearted man, and to his friendship the poet was under other obligations. He was also a man of such superior education and intelligence that Burns from time to time submitted his poetical effusions to his criticism.

[2] A wide lane or opening between cultivated fields, near or leading to the homestead, left uncultivated, for the sake of driving the cattle homewards; a grass-grown field-road.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't, more of it
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't health and well-being
A tentier way; more cautious
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye! once and always

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE—"*The Dragon of Wantley.*"

This "ballad" was written on the election of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, decided Jan. 12, 1796, when the Hon. Henry Erskine, the existing dean, was displaced in favour of his Tory opponent Robert Dundas of Arniston. Erskine being a favourite with all parties, even with his political opponents, his removal from office not only displeased himself and his friends, but was scarcely satisfactory to those who had combined to displace him. It was especially irritating to Burns, to whom Erskine had been both a friend and a patron, and he relieved his feelings in the following satirical ballad. Burns was also here fighting for his own hand, for "pious Bob" had given the poet an unpardonable slight in taking no notice of his elegy on the death of his father the Lord President. See vol. ii. p. 101.

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,[1]
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside[2] saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal[3] and Bob[4] for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil — in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So, their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,

[1] The battle of Harlaw, in Aberdeenshire, fought in 1411, when the Highlanders under Donald of the Isles were checked by a Lowland force, and had to withdraw to their mountains and islands again. The slaughter on both sides was very great.

[2] The battle of Langside, near Glasgow, where Queen Mary's forces were defeated by those of the Regent Moray in 1568.

[3] The Hon. Henry Erskine.

[4] Robert Dundas.

Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's *mouth* may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live, and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty![1]
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

SONG—HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"*Balinamona ora.*"

This is apparently the first song written by the poet after his sad period of severe illness which extended over a large part of the autumn and winter of 1795–96. In reply to the letter which contained the song, Thomson says:—"Your 'Hey for a lass wi' a tocher' is a most excellent song, and with you the subject is new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas."

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms, give
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, dowry
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes, knolls
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes. every ewes
Then hey for a lass, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey for a lass, &c.

[1] This was the number of these who voted in favour of Henry Erskine; the other side mustered 123 votes.

POEM ON LIFE.[1]

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES.

[April, 1796.]

My honour'd colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel — climb
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it, — happy world
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve:
And aye rowth o' roast beef and claret; — always abundance
Syne wha wad starve? — then would

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker — insecure
I've found her still,
Aye wavering, like the willow-wicker, — twig
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton, — the cat rat
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on — clutch
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, — then salt
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair, — not
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft; — crazy
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft. — weft

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by, — buzzes
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy, — itches
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure. — certain

[1] Arent Schuyler de Peyster, colonel of the Dumfries volunteers, of which corps Burns was a member, distinguished himself when serving in America, and after attaining the rank of colonel and commanding for many years the 8th Regiment he retired to Dumfries, the birthplace of his wife. He was a strict disciplinarian; but beneath a somewhat rough exterior concealed a warm and affectionate heart. He died at the age of ninety-six or ninety-seven, and was buried in Dumfries in November, 1822. The above poem was written in acknowledgment of his colonel's kindness in inquiring after his health.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, heels-overhead
And like a sheep-head on a tangs, tongs
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs grinning
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel, drawling
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen: quit
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

SONG—JESSY.[1]

TUNE—"*Here's a health to them that's awa.*"

This beautiful lyric, written when Burns was in his last illness, was addressed, like the following song and several other productions of this period, to Jessie Lewars. It was inclosed in a letter to Thomson of May, 1796, which was to be delivered by Jessie Lewars's brother, "a young fellow of uncommon merit.'

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, one love
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine, must
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee; eye
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

[1] Jessie Lewars was the sister of a fellow-gauger of Burns named John Lewars, whose father had been a supervisor in the excise. She was at this time about eighteen years of age, and being on intimate terms with the Burns family she acted the part of good Samaritan in ministering to the poet's wants during his last illness. She became the wife of Mr. James Thomson, solicitor, Dumfries, and died in 1855.

SONG—OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.[1]

TUNE—"*The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre.*"

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
  On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt, stormy quarter
  I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
  Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom, shelter
  To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
  Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, so
The desert were a paradise,
  If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
  Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
  Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. would

SONG—O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.[2]

TUNE—"*Cordwainer's March.*"

O lay thy loof in mine, lass, palm
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
  That thou wilt be my ain. own

A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae; much woe
But now he is my deadly fae, foe
  Unless thou be my ain.
    O lay thy loof, &c.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best; moment
But thou art queen within my breast,
  For ever to remain.
    O lay thy loof, &c. palm

[1] The heroine of this song was Jessie Lewars. One morning she had a visit from Burns, when he volunteered, if she would play any air she specially liked, and for which she wished to have new verses, to gratify her wish to the best of his power. She sat down to the piano and played over several times the melody of an old ditty ("The Wren"). As soon as his ear got accustomed to the tune, the poet sat down, and in a few minutes handed her the song. It is not now usually sung to the old tune, but to music of exquisite pathos in the form of a duet by Mendelssohn.

[2] This was written for Johnson's *Museum*, in the sixth volume of which it appears. Stenhouse remarks: "It is adapted to the favourite old tune called the 'Cordwainer's March,' which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and honourable fraternity, at their annual procession on St. Crispin's Day." The heroine may perhaps have been Jessie Lewars.

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD IV.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*Buy Broom Besoms.*"

Mr. Heron succeeded in the election for Kirkcudbright of 1795 (see p. 132); but a dissolution having taken place in May, 1796, a new election was necessary, and on this occasion he was opposed by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway. Burns, though then labouring under his last illness, in fact within not many weeks of his death, entered into the contest with what strength was left him, and produced this "Excellent New Song." He did not survive to learn the issue. These election squibs, which possessed merely a temporary and local interest, would not have been worth reproducing had they not upon them unmistakable marks of Burns's handicraft, performed too, at least as regards this last ballad, at a tragic period of his life.

Wha will buy my troggin,[1] fine election ware; hawker's wares
Broken trade o' Broughton,[2] a' in high repair.
Buy braw troggin, frae the banks o' Dee; fine from
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,[3]
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown. old song goods
Buy braw troggin, &c. [stolen

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's ee; eye
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.[4] lost
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—so was never worn.[5] from
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the stuff and lining o' Cardoness's[6] head;
Fine for a sodger, a' the wale o' lead. soldier choice
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset, Buittle's[7] scrap o' truth, pledge
Pawn'd in a gin-shop quenching holy drouth. thirst
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, an auld crab-apple,[8] rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

[1] A set of miscellaneous dealers, who used to travel in Scotland, were called *troggers*. *Troggin* is a general name for their wares. The underlying idea is that of barter, the word being a form of *truck*, Fr. *troquer*, to barter.

[2] Mr. Murray of Broughton. For explanations of allusions to him and others see the notes to the first three "Heron Ballads."

[3] The Earl of Galloway.

[4] Gordon of Balmaghie.

[5] A bitter allusion to Mr. Bushby of Tinwald Downs.

[6] Maxwell of Cardoness.

[7] Rev. Mr. Maxwell, minister of Buittle.

[8] "Burns here alludes to a brother wit, the Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway. The hit applied very well, for Muirhead was a wind-dried, unhealthy looking little manikin, very proud of his genealogy, and ambitious of being acknowledged on

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard-gled, kite
Pouncing poor Redcastle[1] sprawlin' like a taed. toad
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names; stone
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.[2]
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston[3] can boast;
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock[4] to get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? If to buy ye're slack, such
Hornie's turnin' chapman,—he'll buy a' the pack. Satan
Buy braw troggin, &c.

TO JESSY LEWARS.

This and the three pieces which follow were all written by the poet during his last illness. The first was written with red chalk, on the back of a bill of a menagerie of wild beasts. The "Toast" was scratched on a crystal goblet, containing wine and water, which Jessie Lewars was administering to him in bed. On the young lady herself falling sick, the poet wrote on another goblet the succeeding piece as an epitaph, and on her recovery added the last stanza.

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

all occasions as the chief of the *Muirheads!*"—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.——He was something of a poet, and possessed a fair share of the irritability of the *genus*. He had been already attacked by Burns in the second of the "Heron Ballads." In retaliation he printed at Edinburgh a paraphrase of one of Martial's epigrams directed point-blank against Burns, which made the poet wince severely:

Vacerras, shabby son of w——,
Why do thy patrons keep thee poor?
Bribe-worthy service thou canst boast,
At once their bulwark and their post;
Thou art a sycophant, a traitor,
A liar, a calumniator,
Who conscience (hadst thou that) would sell,
Nay, lave the common sewer of hell,
For whisky: Eke, most precious imp,
Thou art a rhymster, gauger, pimp;
Whence comes it then, Vacerras, that
Thou still art poor as a church-rat.

Mr. Muirhead died May 16th, 1808, aged sixty-eight. He is said to have written the fine old song, "Bess the Gawkie."

[1] Mr. Lawrie of Redcastle.

[2] "Caily," or Cally, mentioned in this verse, is the name of the residential mansion-house on the estate of the Murrays (now Murray-Stewart) of Broughton. Douglas had got the name of Carlinwark changed to Castle-Douglas.

[3] Copland of Collieston.

[4] John Bushby.

A TOAST.

Fill with me the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON JESSY LEWARS' SICKNESS.

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn death's dart aside,
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

But rarely seen since nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

INSCRIPTION ON A BOOK,

PRESENTED TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES.

These lines were written on June 26th, 1796, and the book presented to the young lady was a copy of the *Scots Musical Museum*, in four volumes, on the fly-leaf of the first volume of which was this inscription.[1]

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer—
That fate may, in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

[1] The copy to be presented to Miss Lewars was requested by Burns in a letter to Johnson written some ten days before this inscription. The poet says: "My wife has a very particular friend of hers, a young lady who sings well, to whom she wishes to present the *Scots Musical Museum*. If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first *fly*."

SONG—FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.[1]

TUNE—"*Rothemurchie's Rant.*"

This song was sent to Thomson in a letter dated 12th July, 1796 (nine days before Burns's death), the poet being then at Brow, on the Solway Firth, whither he had gone for sea-bathing. In this song, the last he was doomed to write, we find the poet's thoughts wandering fondly back to the brightest days of his existence—those happy days in the autumn of 1787 which he had passed on "Devon's Banks" with Peggy Chalmers and Charlotte Hamilton. Which of these divinities was the inspirer of this lyric it would now be difficult to decide. The verses and the letter inclosing them are written in a character that marks the very feeble state of Burns's bodily strength.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear!
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

We have here collected a small number of songs that, being already in existence, were more or less altered by Burns for insertion either in Johnson's or in Thomson's work. They can hardly be called productions of the poet, and in some cases show little trace of his handiwork. Others already given might perhaps with equal propriety have been placed here—in such a matter, as will be easily understood, it is difficult to draw the line.

BONNIE DUNDEE.[2]

O whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? — oat-meal
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie, — got it from
Between St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee.

[1] Another song to the same air will be found on p. 116.

[2] The air "Bonnie Dundee" is very ancient—the smooth, flowing melody, we mean, with which the above song is associated, as also Hector Macneil's well-known "Mary of Castlecary," not the air of Sir W. Scott's spirited song. To the last verse only of this song can Burns lay claim. He contributed it to the first volume of Johnson's *Museum*. Another version appeared in *The Harp of Caledonia* (Glasgow, 1818); it consists of three stanzas, the additional stanza being probably written by the editor—John

O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! — if gave
Aft has he doudled me upon his knee; — dandled
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessins upon thy bonnie ee-brie! — eye-brow
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks, — build
Whare Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear; — runs
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine, — clothe
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

TUNE—"*Jumpin' John.*"[1]

Respecting this song Stenhouse says: "The two humorous stanzas beginning 'Her daddie forbad,' to which the tune of 'Jumpin' John' is united in the *Museum*, were communicated by Burns. They are a fragment of the old humorous [Anglo-Irish] ballad with some verbal corrections."

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad, — mother
Forbidden she wadna be: — would not
She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd[2]
Wad taste sae bitterlie. — would so

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John — call
Beguiled the bonnie lassie;
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, — calf ewe half
And thretty guid shillin's and three;
A very good tocher, a cotter man's dochter, — dowry daughter
The lass wi' the bonnie black ee. — eye
The lang lad, &c.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

In January 1789 Burns writes to his young friend Robert Ainslie in regard to this song: "I am still catering for Johnson's publication; and among others I have brushed up the following old favourite song a little, with a view to your worship." It appeared in the last volume of Johnson's *Museum*. The allusion to the "three goose feathers and a whittle" will be understood when it is stated that Ainslie's profession was that of a writer or lawyer.

Robin shure in hairst, — reaped harvest
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I, — deuce a reaping-hook
Yet I stack by him. — stuck

I gaed up to Dunse, — went
To warp a wab o' plaidin'; — woollen stuff

Struthers. "St. Johnston" is the poetical name of Perth.

[1] The earliest form of the tune with this ridiculous name is found under the title of "Joan's Placket" in Playford's *Dancing Master* (1657). To a slightly varied form of the air the famous song "Lillibulero" was set.

[2] "She wouldn't have believed the drink she brewed."

At his daddie's yett, gate
Wha met I but Robin?
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld, bold
Tho' I was a cotter,
Played me sic a trick, such
An' me the eller's dochter? elder's daughter
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle; provisions
Fient haet he had but three nothing whatever
Goose feathers and a whittle. knife
Robin shure, &c.

SWEETEST MAY.

Sweetest May let Love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money:
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie,
Not high-born, but noble-minded
In Love's silken bands can bind it![1]

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The following song is given in Johnson's *Museum* (vol. ii.). The last three verses are said to be wholly the composition of Burns, but this we doubt. In the *Museum* the words are set to a simple pretty tune called "The Ploughman's Whistle."

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo; dear
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad!
And hey, my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken know
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary; wet
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!
Then up wi't a', &c.

[1] This song appears in Johnson's *Museum* as written for the work by Burns; but it is simply an altered version of the first eight lines of a song of Allan Ramsay's which ran thus:—

My sweetest May let Love incline thee
T'accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it. then
'Tis proof a shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet or bonnie,
Receive it then with a kiss and smily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile thee.

Ramsay's song comprises other sixteen lines—mostly inferior.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay, neckcloth
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Then up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint-Johnston;[1]
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Then up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin'; silver
A gude blue bonnet on his head,
And O but he was handsome!
Then up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And to the corn-mou, man; mow
I never gat my coggie fou wooden dish filled
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Then up wi't a', &c.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.[2]

TUNE—"*Cock up your Beaver.*"

When first my brave Johnnie lad cam to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, smart
We'll over the border and gie them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

TUNE—"*Hey tutti, taiti.*"

The following is printed as it appears in the second volume of Johnson's *Museum*. Stenhouse says the concluding stanza was taken from a Jacobite ditty, "apparently the production of an anonymous versifier about the beginning of last century." The air to which the words are set in the *Museum* was afterwards selected by Burns for a song more worthy of his genius—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Landlady, count the lawin', reckoning
The day is near the dawin'; dawning
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou. tipsy

[1] That is, Perth.

[2] The first stanza is part of a song preserved in Herd's collection. The second also is partly from the same. The air to which the words are set in Johnson's *Museum* is taken from Playford's *Dancing Master* (1657).

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

Cog, an ye were aye fou, — wooden drinking cup — always full
Cog, an ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you — would
If ye were aye fou.
Hey tutti, taiti, &c.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti, &c.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.[1]

The second and fourth verses of this song (which first appeared in Johnson's third volume) are from the pen of Burns; the others belong to a Jacobite ditty which is given in a more complete form in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. The name *Whigs* was originally applied to the Scottish Covenanters, and continued to be used by the Jacobites as a term of reproach against all those who opposed the Stuart dynasty, and supported the Revolution of 1688 and the Hanoverian succession.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair, — thistles
And bonnie bloomed our roses,
But Whigs came like a frost in June
And withered a' our posies.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust— — fallen
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't; — dust
And write their name in his black beuk — book
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't. — gave
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my descriving; — describing
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken; — waken
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. — hare
Awa', Whigs, &c.

[1] The air to which the words are set in the *Museum* is very old, and is the foundation of the tunes, "What ails this heart o' mine," and "My dearie, an ye die." "I have now lying before me," says Stenhouse, "a very ancient copy of it, in one strain, entitled, 'Oh, silly soul, alace!' The second strain appears to have been added to it, like many others of this kind, at a much later period, by a slight alteration of the first."

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

The following lines were tagged by Burns to two stanzas of an old rough Border song, which, it seems, first appeared in print in the second volume of Johnson's *Museum;* we give the verses below. Burns says of his share of the production: "It was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments.'

As I cam by Crochallan,
  I cannily keekit ben, — cautiously peeped in
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
  Was sitting at yon boord-en'— — end of the table
Sitting at yon boord-en',
  And amang gude companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
  Ye're welcome home to me![1]

AYE WAUKIN', O.

This song appears in the third volume of Johnson's *Museum*, and regarding it Stenhouse states: "The first stanza of this song . . . was written by Burns, and he even made some slight alterations on the very old fragment incorporated with his words.' It seems doubtful if the whole is not old.

Simmer's a pleasant time,
  Flowers of ev'ry colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh, — runs precipice
  And I long for my true lover!
    Aye waukin', O, — waking
      Waukin' still and weary:
    Sleep I can get nane, — none
      For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
  When I wauk I'm eerie; — wake nervous
Sleep I can get nane,
  For thinking on my dearie.
      Aye waukin', O, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
  A' the lave are sleepin'; — rest
I think on my bonnie lad,
  And I blear my een wi' greetin'. — eyes weeping
      Aye waukin', O, &c.

[1] Dunbar was one of the friends that the poet made in Edinburgh during his first visit, in the winter and spring of 1786–7. Lively convivialist and ardent lover of old songs and ballads though he was, he had ultimately the honour of being appointed joint-inspector of stamp duties for Scotland; he died in 1807. The old verses run as follows:—

O rattlin', roarin' Willie,
  O, he held to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle
  And buy some other ware;
But partin' wi' his fiddle,
  The saut tear blin't his ee;
And rattlin' roarin', Willie,
  Ye're welcome hame to me!
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
  O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
  And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
  The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
  My fiddle and I hae had.

According to Robert Chambers, the hero of the above old ditty was of great celebrity in his day as a wandering fiddler.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.[1]

TUNE—"*Cameronian Rant.*"

This piece was founded on a rhyming dialogue between "Will Lick-ladle and Tom Clean-cogue," written by the Rev. John Barclay, a dissenting preacher in Edinburgh, in which the clans were slightingly treated. The feelings, though not the settled judgment, of Burns were in favour of the Jacobite cause, and he wished to produce a version more favourable to the Highlanders. Accordingly he selected the best passages from the dialogue, added others, and produced the piece as here given.

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
  Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
  And did the battle see, man?"—
I saw the battle, sair and teugh, — sore and tough
  And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh, — ditch
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough, — gave
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds — crowds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds, — from clothes
  Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. — grasped
    La, la, la, &c.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
  To meet them were na slaw, man; — slow
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
  And mony a bouk did fa', man. — body
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles: — wot
They houghed the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad sword clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
  Till fey men died awa', man. — doomed
    La, la, la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
  And skyrin' tartan trews, man, — glaring
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
  And Covenant True-blues, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When baiginets o'er power'd the targe, — bayonets
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
  They fled like frighted doos, man. — doves
    La, la, la, &c.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
  The chase gaed frae the north, man: — went from
I saw mysel', they did pursue
  The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight, — own
They took the brig wi' a' their might, — bridge
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight; — straight

[1] The battle of Sherriff-Muir was the most important incident of the brief rebellion of 1715. It was fought at a place about 2½ miles from Dunblane in Perthshire, the royalist troops being commanded by the Duke of Argyll (the duke who figures in the *Heart of Midlothian*), the rebels by the Earl of Mar. Argyll with the royalist right defeated the rebels' left, while the rebels' right completely defeated the royalist left. The result was thus as indecisive as it is left in the above song.

But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!" almost faint
La, la, la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate road
Wi' crowdie unto me, man; porridge
She swoor she saw some rebels run swore
To Perth and to Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae gude will
That day their neebors' blude to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows, dishes
And hameward fast did flee, man.
La, la, la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double fight, would
Some fell for wrang, and some for right:
And mony bade the world gude-night;
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frighted bands, man.
La, la, la, &c.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

"This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were in print before."—R. B.——In sending it to the *Museum* he added two stanzas. Mrs. Burns, with whom the ditty was a favourite, pronounced the second and last stanzas to be the work of her husband, the remainder receiving only slight improvement at his hands. The poet wrote an entirely new version for Thomson's collection some years afterwards (in September, 1794). This will be found at p. 105.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, drive ewes knolls
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, streamlet rolls
My bonnie dearie!

As I gaed doun the water-side, went
There I met my shepherd lad,
He rowed me sweetly in his plaid, wrapped
And he ca'd me his dearie. called
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"Will ye gang doun the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide
The moon it shines fu' clearly."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school, no such
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool, sorrow
And naebody to see me.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, shall
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, calf-
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, ye shall
And ye sall be my dearie."
Ca' the yowes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad, I shall go
And ye may rowe me in your plaid, wrap
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie, sky so high
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee, eye
Ye sall be my dearie!"
Ca' the yowes, &c.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—"*The Collier Laddie.*"

This song appears in the fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum*. "The words . . . as well as the tune," says Stenhouse, "were transmitted by Burns to Johnson in the poet's own handwriting. It appears in no other collection. In the *Reliques* Burns says, 'I do not know a blyther old song than this.' The greater part of it, however, is his own composition."

Whare live ye, my bonnie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye? call
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie:
My name, she says, &c.

See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie! so finely
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie: if
They a' are mine, &c.

Ye shall gang in gay attire, walk
Weel buskit up sae gaudy; well dressed up
And ane to wait on every hand, one
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie: if
And ane to wait, &c.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly:
I wad turn my back on you and it a', would
And embrace my Collier Laddie:
I wad turn my back, &c.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie; full finely
And make my bed in the collier's neuk, corner
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie:
And make my bed, &c.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me; hold
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie: befall
And the warld before me, &c.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE—"*The Maid's Complaint.*"[1]

Of these verses Burns remarks in his annotations on Mr. Riddell's copy of the *Museum:* "These words were originally English verses. I gave them their Scots dress." They remain English rather than Scotch still.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, — not
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire. — awake
Something, in ilka part o' thee, — every
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, — no more
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna make thee sae, — so
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE—"*Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*" (My Love did deceive me.)

We give the verses as they appear in the fourth volume of the *Museum.* Stenhouse remarks that they are said to be a correct Scottish metrical version of the Gaelic song sung to the above-named tune from an English translation communicated to Burns with the air, which he obtained during his Highland tour in 1787. It appears, however, that Burns has but altered (without improving) an old song preserved in Herd's collection, and added a stanza (the last) of his own.

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin', — one
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover, — false
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him; — go with
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain; — will not
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane. — one

I couldna get sleepin' till dawin' for greetin', — dawn weeping
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken, — would have
For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
Weel, since he has left me, &c.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller, — money
I dinna envý him the gains he can win; — do not
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow — would load
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him. — so
Weel, since he has left me, &c.

[1] The tune is by Oswald, and, according to Stenhouse, "is one of the finest Scotch airs he ever composed." It would not, however, please current musical taste.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE—"*Craigston's Growing.*"

This song was communicated by Burns to the fourth volume of the *Museum*, in the notes to which by Stenhouse we read: "It was modelled by Burns from a fragment of an ancient ballad, entitled "Craigston's Growing."

O, Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', wall
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba'; ball
The youngest he was the flower amang them a',—
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father! O father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet:
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet. know

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik; oak
Bonnie and bloomin' and straught was its make: straight
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. boast

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, summer gone
And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.[1]

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—"*Hey ca' thro'.*"

These verses were communicated by Burns to the fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, where they are united to an old air having a vigorous, cheery swing about it. Probably the first stanza and chorus at least are old.

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart, old fellows
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo, women
And the lasses o' Leven.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', drive
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing:

[1] The old ballad on which this song was founded came under Burns's notice during his tour in the north of Scotland. It is said to have had a historical basis. In an additional note to the *Museum* Kirkpatrick Sharpe says:—"It may be observed that young Urquhart of Craigston, who had fallen into the power of the Laird of Innes, was by him married to his daughter, Elizabeth Innes, and died in 1634.—See Spalding's *History*, vol. i. p. 36." We append a stanza of the old ballad:—

Daughter, he said, if ye do weel,
You will put your husband away to the scheel, school
That he of learning may gather great skill,
And he'll still be daily growing.

The young lady, it will be understood, was married to a mere boy.

We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win. money they earn
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', &c.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.[1]

TUNE—"*Kellyburn Braes.*"

The following humorous ballad appeared in the fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, and Stenhouse says it was written on purpose for that work, but was modelled from an old ballad sung to the same tune.

There livèd a carle on Kellyburn Braes, elderly rustic slopes
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, one went
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen'?" get along
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;"
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;"
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave," bullock colt
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,"
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

"O welcome, most kindly;" the blythe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd," worse called
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),

[1] Stenhouse quotes from Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* a ditty of sixteen stanzas entitled "Original of Burns's Carle of Kellyburn Braes," but this "pretended original" he declares to be "a contemptible modern fabrication." Cromek's collection was much indebted to Allan Cunningham, who, as it is well known, did not hesitate to palm off on Cromek his own productions for genuine antiques. The old verses on which Burns founded the ballad are perhaps those quoted *in extenso* in No. 62 of the Percy Society's Publications under the title of "The Farmer's Old Wife," of which we subjoin a stanza or two:—

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many know well.

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,—
"One of your family I must have now.

It is not your eldest son that I crave,
But it is your old wife, and she I will have."
. . . . . .

She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains
She up with her pattens and beat out their brains.

And so on, the catastrophe in both songs being the same. The burthen of the Scotch version is said to be very old; in Sussex, we are told, a whistling chorus takes its place.

The Kelly Burn is a small stream forming part of the north boundary between Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, running a rapid course of three and a half miles through a beautifully wooded glen, and falling into the Firth of Clyde near Wemyss Bay.

And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door; own kitchen-door
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in, for a b— and a w—, then
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear, virago went mad
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair; no more
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa'; sooty
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"O, help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a';"
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell:
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life;" greater part
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;"
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

CHLOE.

TUNE—"*Dainty Davie.*"

In sending this song to Thomson, Burns wrote:—"A song which, under the same first verse, you will find in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, I have cut down for an English dress to your 'Dainty Davie' as follows," &c. The cutting down and adding a chorus is very nearly all that can be claimed for our poet, as may be seen by comparing it with the corresponding stanzas of the original given below.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.[1]

MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"*Graham's Strathspey.*"

Stenhouse says of the present charmingly simple lyric:—"This song was written by Burns and sent to Johnson for the *Museum*. The original MS. is now before me." Burns's MS. does not prove the song his, however. Various versions of what have been called the original song have from time to time been laid before public notice by such collectors as Peter Buchan, Allan Cunningham, William Motherwell, and last but not least Robert Chambers.[2]

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

[1] The original of the above song contains twelve stanzas, of which those that Burns has adapted are as follows:—

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet Chloe, fresh and fair.

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
To breathe a purer air.
. . . . . .

The feather'd people, one might see,
Perch'd all around her on a tree,
With notes of sweetest melody,
They act a cheerful part.
. . . . . .

Kind Phœbus now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.

[2] From Chambers's version (which he received in 1823) we quote the following verses:—

O fare thee well, my own true love,
O fare thee well awhile;
But I'll come back and see thee, love,
Though I go ten thousand mile.
. . . . . .

Till the stars fall from the sky, my love,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I'll aye prove true to thee, my love,
Till all these things are done.

The song, still popular, is set to two different airs in the fifth volume of the *Museum*, but is now sung to neither; it has been united to the beautiful melody "Low down in the Broom," the arrangement of the opening line being altered:—

My love is like a red, red rose,

throwing the accent (as probably the poet would have thought better) on the word "love."

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.[1]

TUNE—"*Comin' through the rye.*"

This song appears in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum*. It is probably one of the many versions of a popular old song which the poet has done little else than retouch here and there.

Comin' through the rye, poor body, — creature
Comin' through the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie, — draggled
Comin' through the rye.
O Jenny's a' weet, poor body, — all wet
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body— — if a person
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,—
Need a body cry.
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,—
Need the warld ken? — world know
O Jenny's a' weet, &c

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"*If thou'lt play me fair-play.*"[2]

"This song," says Stenhouse in his notes to the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, "was compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses, entitled the 'Highland Lad and Lowland Lassie,' printed in the celebrated *Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c.*, 1750."

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

[1] This song is still a favourite in the domestic circle and has been many years now in the concert-room, the following verses of unknown authorship being often added to or substituted for some of Burns's:—

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or whaur his hame
I dinna care to tell.

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say hae I;
But a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.

The air appears in two forms in the *Museum*, the older being that with which Burns's words are connected. The more modern and present form of the air, with additional words (still frequently sung), is likewise given in the *Museum*.

[2] Stenhouse tells us, "The old appellation of the air was 'Cockle Shells,' and was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1657. The Jacobites . . . composed no new tunes, but adapted their songs to such airs as were well-known favourites of the public." The melody to which the song is now usually sung has only a slight family resemblance to that in the *Museum*.

On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His loyal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go! for yoursel' procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

O, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"*Hughie Graham.*"

Only the first two stanzas of this song are by Burns, and even they were suggested by the thought contained in the following two, printed as an old fragment in Herd's collection, 1776. Burns sent his lines to Thomson in June, 1793, remarking of the older stanzas: "This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original." Of his own lines he says: "The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess." Hence he wished those verses put first, in order that the song might be more effective.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn when it was torn, would
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose, if
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew, drop
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light. scared

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

[FIRST VERSION.]

Behold the hour, the boat arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O farewell!
Severed frae thee can I survive?
Frae thee whom I have lov'd so well.
Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray of comfort shall I see,
But this most precious dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me

Alang the solitary shore
Where flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.
"Happy thou Indian grove," I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's youth shall be!
While thro' your sweets she holds her way
O tell me, does she muse on me?"

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

[SECOND VERSION.]

TUNE—"*Oran-gaoil.*"

In sending this song to Thomson on the 31st August, 1793, the poet writes: "The following song I have composed for *Oran-gaoil.* . . . I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint." When the reader compares this version with the one preceding, and learns that the latter was sent to Clarinda on 27th December, 1791, previous to her departure for the West Indies to join her husband, he will see that Burns's statement is most misleading. Moreover the note at bottom of page will show that in what Burns describes as a song "glowing from the mint" he has really very little share.

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en *here* I took the last farewell:
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:

"Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me?"[1]

[1] It has been pointed out by Dr. Hately Waddell, who got the information through Mr. Christie, librarian of Dollar Institution, that Burns's song is but an adaptation of some verses in a long poem which

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.[1]

TUNE—"*John Anderson, my jo.*"

How cruel are the parents
  Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
  Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
  Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
  Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
  The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
  A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
  No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
  And drops beneath his feet!

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH.

This well-known song is contained in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. Stenhouse says of it: "This song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the *Museum*. . . . Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted." Probably the greater part of the song is old.

There grows a bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard, kitchen-garden
There grows a bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard;
And below the bonnie brier-bush there's a lassie and a lad,
And they're busy busy courtin in our kail-yard.

appeared in the old *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, May, 1774, p. 422. The poem in the magazine bears simply the title of "A Song." It consists of thirteen stanzas, the first five of which we subjoin:—

Behold the fatal hour arrive!
  Nicé, my Nicé, ah, farewell!
Sever'd from thee, can I survive
  From thee, whom I have lov'd so well!

Endless and deep shall be my woes,
  No ray of comfort shall I see:
And yet, who knows, alas! who knows,
  If thou wilt e'er remember me!

Permit me, while in eager chace
  Of lost tranquillity I rove;
Permit my restless thought to trace
  The footsteps of my absent love.

Of Nicé, wheresoe'er she goes,
  The fond attendant I shall be;
And yet, who knows, alas! who knows,
  If she will e'er remember me!

Along the solitary shore
  I'll wander pensive and alone,
And wild re-echoing rocks implore,
  To tell me where my nymph is gone.

Two other songs often printed as Burns's—"Could aught of song declare my pains," and "Powers celestial! whose protection"—were also taken by the poet from the same volume of the same magazine.

[1] This recast of an old song was sent to Thomson in May, 1795. It will be seen from the subjoined original song that the most important alteration is in the form of the stanza. The poem is numbered 212 in the old collection called the *Muses' Delight*:—

How cruel is a parent's care,
  Who riches only prizes!
When finding out some booby heir,
  He thinks he wondrous wise is.
While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
  And not to prove a wretch in state,
To 'scape the blockhead she must hate,
  She weds where she despises.

The harmless dove thus trembling flies,
  The rav'nous hawk pursuing;
Awhile her tender pinions tries,
  Till doomed to certain ruin;
Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
  No shelter near, no kind retreat,
She drops beneath the falc'ner's feet,
  For gentler usage suing.

We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, no more
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard;
We'll awa to Athole's Green and there we'll no be seen,
Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.

Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle ha', hall
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle ha',
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'? surpass
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'. will not

What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee, earn wages
And see an ony bonnie lad will fancy me.

He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me, from
He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee,
He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie, an yon be he. if that

CHARLIE HE'S MY DARLING.

A note to vol. v. of the *Museum* tells us: "This Jacobite song, beginning 'Twas on a Monday morning,' was communicated by Burns to the editor of the *Museum*. The air was modernized by Mr. Clarke." Doubtless Burns had some earlier song to work on, though his original is not known.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier!
An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier!

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking thro'.
An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumpèd up the stair,
And tirled at the pin; clicked the latch
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in.
An' Charlie, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;

For brawlie weel he ken'd the way — finely well knew
To please a bonnie lass.
An' Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen, — bushy
We daurna gang a-milking — dare not
For Charlie and his men.
An' Charlie, &c.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

This is another Jacobite lyric that was sent to Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* by Burns. In that work it is stated that "this Jacobite effusion made its first appearance about the year 1746", and that "the verses were revised and improved by Burns." The tune is of earlier date.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, — halfpenny
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I loe weel my Charlie's name, — love
Tho' some there be abhor him:
But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him! — foes
We'll o'er, &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er, &c.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

This appeared in volume v. of the *Scots Musical Museum*, where it is said to be a production of Burns, and it was doubtless his in part at least. "It is adapted to a fine old air communicated by Burns."

Gat ye me, O gat ye me, — got
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel and spinnin' wheel, — distaff
A mickle quarter bason.

Bye attour my gutcher has	over and above grandfather
A heich house and a laigh ane,	high low
A' forbye my bonnie sel'	besides
The toss of Ecclefechan.[1]	toast
"O haud your tongue now Luckie[2] Laing,	hold
O haud your tongue and jauner;	noisy talk
I held the gate till you I met,	kept the road
Syne I began to wander:	then
I tint my whistle and my sang,	lost
I tint my peace and pleasure;	
But your green graff now, Luckie Laing,	grave
Wad airt me to my treasure."	would direct

[1] Ecclefechan is a village in Dumfriesshire, now well known, by name at least, as the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle. There is an amusing letter written by Burns to George Thomson from Ecclefechan, of date 7th Feb. 1795. In it he says: "In the course of my duty as Supervisor (in which capacity I have acted of late) I came yesternight to this unfortunate, wicked, little village. I have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress. I have tried to 'gae back the gait I cam again,' but the same obstacle has shut me within insuperable bars. To add to my misfortune, since dinner a scraper has been torturing catgut" — the result being that the poet saw nothing for it but either to hang himself or get drunk, and "like a prudent man" chose the latter alternative, "and am very drunk at your service." Of this Thomson declared that the poet's handwriting bore clear evidence. Carlyle was born near the end of the same year.

[2] *Luckie* is a familiar word of address, nearly equivalent to *goodwife*, and applied perhaps most frequently to the landlady of a hostelry.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

This song appears in the sixth volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*, with the following note: "This comic song was corrected by Burns. The greater part of the verses, however, are taken from the old satirical song formerly sung to the tune of 'John Anderson my Jo.' . . . The words are adapted to the old tune of 'We're a' nid noddin in our House at hame.'"

Guid e'en to you kimmer,	gossip
And how do you do?	
"Hiccup," quo' kimmer,	
"The better that I'm fou."	tipsy
We're a' noddin,	
Nid, nid, noddin;	
We're a' noddin,	
At our house at hame.	
Kate sits i' the neuk	corner
Suppin hen-broo;	chicken-broth
Deil tak Kate	
An she be na noddin too!	if she be not
We're a' noddin, &c.	
"How's a' wi' you kimmer,	
And how do ye fare?"	

A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair. more
We're a' noddin, &c.

"How's a' wi' you kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How many bairns hae ye?"
Quo' kimmer I hae five.
We're a' noddin, &c.

"Are they a' Johny's?"
Eh, at weel na; I wot well no
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johny was awa.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo; broth
Lads like lasses well,
And lasses lads too.[1]
We're a' noddin, &c.

[1] Writing to his friend Robert Ainslie on 23d August, 1787, Burns gives this verse and the chorus in a somewhat different form: "Now for a modest verse of classical authority:—

The cats like kitchen,
The dogs like broo;
The lasses like the lads weel,
And th' auld wives too.

Chorus—
And we're a' noddin,
Nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin fou at e'en."

Kitchen, in the first line, it may be explained, means anything eaten to give a relish to bread, as beef, fish, &c.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

This song as here given is the last (No. 200) in the second volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*. In Stenhouse's note to it in the edition of 1839 is the statement that "The Editor has not yet been so fortunate as to discover who was the author of this plaintive pastoral song."[1]

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree;
The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,
For my Lover has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest and their little hearts at rest,
But my Lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
Forever is constant and true;
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure:
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

[1] "Cromek printed the first two stanzas in the *Reliques*, 1808, *446*, and other versions vary. Burns wrote only the second stanza, and corrected the first; the rest was printed before his time as a stall-ballad. The song of seven stanzas is in the *Herd MS.* . . . From the beauty of the melody it had a wide range of popularity."—*The Songs of Robert Burns*, by J. C. Dick (1903). It is doubtful if Burns even did so much as is thus assigned to him. The song is said to have been based upon or adapted from a song or ballad called *The Curragh of Kildare*, commemorating a highwayman who was hanged in 1750. In the "stall edition" given in the *Museum*, the third stanza runs as follows:—

My love is like the sun, that unwearied doth run,
Through the firmament, ay constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And is ev'ry month changing anew.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?[1]

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

[1] This verse was printed by itself (along with the melody) in the *Scots Musical Museum*, a note to which runs as follows: "This beautiful old air was communicated by Burns. The stanza to which it is adapted . . . was written by Burns, who intended to have added some more verses, as appears from the following memorandum, written by Johnson on the original manuscript of the music—'Mr. Burns is to send words'; but they were never transmitted." The other three verses are as commonly given in collections of Scottish songs. How much the first owes to Burns—if anything—is doubtful.

APPENDIX

TO

POEMS AND SONGS.

The following was the title of the original Kilmarnock Edition of Burns's poems:—

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire:
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.
ANONYMOUS.

KILMARNOCK.
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M, DCC, LXXXVI.

The poet's original preface was as follows:—

THE following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocrites or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, "A fountain shut up, and a book sealed." Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners, he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately, that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his Vanity so far as to make him think anything of his was worth showing; and none of the following works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast, at the thought of being branded as "An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel, Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth."

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet,[1] whose divine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame." If any Critic catches at the word *genius*, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possest of some poetical abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that even in his

[1] Shenstone.

highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life: but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

The contents of the Kilmarnock volume were as follows:—

The Twa Dogs: a Tale.
Scotch Drink.
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer.
Postscript to the above.
The Holy Fair.
Address to the Deil.
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie.
Poor Mailie's Elegy.
Epistle to J. Smith.
A Dream.
The Vision.
Halloween.
The Auld Farmer's New-Year-Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie.
The Cotter's Saturday Night.
To a Mouse.
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet.
Lament, occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's Amour.
Despondency: an Ode.
Man was made to mourn: a Dirge.
Winter: a Dirge.
A Prayer in the prospect of Death.
To a Mountain-Daisy.
To Ruin.
Epistle to a Young Friend.
On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies.
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.
To a Louse.
Epistle to J. Lapraik, April 1st, 1785.
To the Same, April 21st, 1785.
To William Simpson, Ochiltree.
Postscript to the foregoing.
Epistle to John Rankine, enclosing some poems.
Song—The Rigs o' Barley.
Song composed in August.
Song—From thee, Eliza, I must go.
Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.
Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire.
Epigram on Said Occasion.
Another on the Same.
Epitaph on a Celebrated Ruling Elder.
" on a Noisy Polemic.
" on Wee Johnny.
" for the Author's Father.
" for Robert Aikin, Esq.
" for Gavin Hamilton, Esq.
A Bard's Epitaph.

The first Edinburgh Edition came out in April, 1787, with the following dedication, the original preface being now cancelled.

DEDICATION

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land: those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH; and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to

tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social-joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption sink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler and licentiousness in the People equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude and highest respect, My Lords and Gentlemen, your most devoted humble servant,

Robert Burns.

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787.

This first Edinburgh edition contained the following pieces in addition to those already given to the public in the Kilmarnock edition:—

Death and Doctor Hornbook.
The Brigs of Ayr.
The Ordination.
The Calf.
Address to the Unca Guid.
Tam Samson's Elegy.
The Epitaph, and Per Contra.
A Winter Night.
Stanzas composed in the prospect of Death.
Verses left at a Reverend friend's house.
The First Psalm paraphrased.
A Prayer, under the pressure of violent Anguish.
Address to a Haggis.
Address to Edinburgh.
Song—John Barleycorn.
" When Guilford Good.
" My Nanny, O.
" Green grow the Rashes.
" Again rejoicing Nature sees.
" Farewell to Ayr.

Another Edinburgh edition came out in April, 1793, in which appeared (among others) the following:—

Verses written in Friars' Carse Hermitage.
Ode—Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive.
Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.
Epitaph on the Same.
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.
Tam o' Shanter.
The Wounded Hare.
On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations.
The Humble Petition of Bruar Water.
The Soldier's Return.

A large number of the poet's songs first appeared—many after his death—in Johnson's *Museum* or in the somewhat similar work of George Thomson. Currie, again, in his edition of the poet's works, was the first to bring to light a number of pieces, such as: The Second Epistle to Davie; The Inventory; On dining with Lord Daer; Answer to the Guidwife of Wauchope House; Elegy on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair; Address to the Toothache; the Lass o' Ballochmyle; Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice; &c. &c.

Thomas Stewart in 1801 and 1802 first gave to the world some highly important productions of the poet, including the Jolly Beggars; the Twa Herds; Holy Willie's Prayer; the Kirk's Alarm; Letter to James Tennant, Glenconner; the Five Carlins; &c. &c.

NOTE

ON PIECES SOMETIMES ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

THE HERMIT OF ABERFELDY.

Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear;
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

This poem was first incorporated among Burns's writings in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of his works, on the authority—not much to be depended on—of Peter Buchan. It is not in Burns's style.

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

Ye holy walls that still sublime
Resist the crumbling touch of time, &c.

Mr. Scott Douglas says—"We are assured that these verses were composed about the year 1813, by Mr. W. Joseph Walter, tutor in the family of Maxwell of Terregles."

TO THE OWL.

Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?

This piece, first published by Cromek, is said to have been written by an unknown person of the name of John M'Creddie. It was found in Burns's handwriting, with occasional interlineations, and probably had been submitted to him for his opinions and corrections.

THE VOWELS: A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows:
Upon a time Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

This also was first published by Cromek, being found in the poet's handwriting among his papers. The same may be said of it as of the foregoing: we can hardly believe it to be Burns's own.

TO MY BED.

Thou bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—*Man!* &c.

This was originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1759 (the year of Burns's birth), with the initials "R. B." attached, hence, probably, the error of attributing it to Burns.

LAMENT,
WRITTEN WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild waves of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Written by John Burtt, who in 1814 was a schoolmaster at Kilmarnock, and who emigrated to the United States two or three years later, having first published a little volume of poems called *Horæ Poeticæ*. A notice of him is given in the *Contemporaries of Burns* (1840).

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Though the northern wind blaws freezing,
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.
Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a', &c.

First assigned to the poet in the 8vo edition of Cunningham's *Burns*, but on no sufficient grounds. Certainly Burns never wrote "yin" for "ane."

THE TITHER MORN.

The tither morn, when I forlorn
Beneath an aik sat moanin,
I did na trow I'd see my jo
Beside me gin the gloaming, &c.

Often attributed to Burns, but Mr. Scott Douglas says: "We are satisfied that every word of it was written before Burns was born. It is given, with the music, in old English collections, under the title of 'The Surprise, a favourite Scots Song,' verbatim as in the *Museum.*" It also appeared in *The Goldfinch*, Edinburgh, 1782.

TO THEE LOVED NITH.

This poem was written by Mrs. Walter Riddell, though it was published by Cromek as a fragment by Burns.

SHELAH O'NEIL.

A humorous song written by Sir Alexander Boswell. Strange that anyone should ever have thought it Burns's.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

In the *Museum* it is said to be "written for this work by Robert Burns," but it is really the composition of Helen Maria Williams, a well-known authoress contemporary with Burns, and who had also some correspondence with him.

CASSILIS' BANKS.

Now bank and brae are clad in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.

This was written by Richard Gall (born in 1776, died in 1801) and is contained in a posthumous volume of poems by him published in 1819.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

This, like the preceding, belongs to Richard Gall. In Dr. Currie's edition it was attributed to Burns, but in Gilbert Burns's edition its true authorship is stated.

EPITAPH ON HIS DAUGHTER.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom, &c.

Really an epitaph written by Shenstone on Miss Ann Powell, though given in various editions of Burns's poems.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

Powers celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care.

This is contained in the fifth volume of the *Museum*, and by Stenhouse is attributed to Burns. It passed as a genuine production of the poet till 1870, when Mr. Christie, librarian of Dollar Institution, pointed out that it was taken, all but verbatim, from the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* for 1774, "my Mary" being there, however, represented by "Serena."

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

Could aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee.

Said by Johnson, in the fifth volume of the *Museum*, to be "written for this work by Robert Burns," and Stenhouse repeated the statement; but in 1870 it was ascertained to have been taken from the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1774. See preceding note.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain?

Contributed to the *Museum* by Burns and claimed as his by Stenhouse, but the four poor enough stanzas of which the piece consists were supplied by Dr. Blacklock, and were doubtless his own composition.